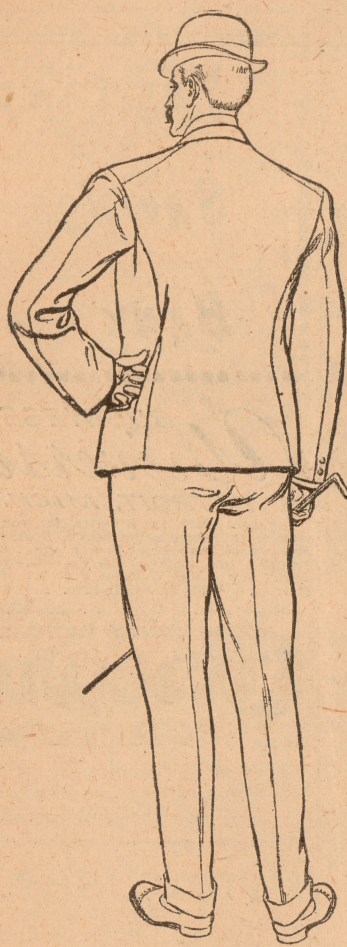


You Men



who have been paying \$30, \$40 or \$50 for suits to measure—we want to show you how completely we can meet your requirements at from

\$15 to \$25

We have all the up-to-date fabrics and patterns that the merchant tailor shows to his customer, and we guarantee the same satisfaction as regards quality of material and workmanship. Accuracy of fit is another feature in which our suits are up to the made-to-measure standard.

We can promise all these advantages because we deal in the best ready-to-wear clothing in the world—that of L. Adler, Bros. & Co., of Rochester, N. Y. If you take pride in dressing well, wear "Adler" clothing—pleasing yourself and saving money by so doing.

Sullivan-Cook Co.
114 Congress St., Ypsilanti

THE NEW SHOE STORE

Is Doing a Nice Business.

With a Full Line of LADIES', GENTS' and CHILDRENS' SHOES and RUBBERS, everything new and up-to-date. We have got a fine line to pick from at extra low prices.

We have the FAMOUS **QUEEN QUALITY SHOE** For Ladies

It will do you good to call and see them, as we can not tell you one half what we want you to know about our shoe department. We invite you to call and look our stock over. It will pay you, everything new and up-to-date, and prices right.

C. D. O'CONNER & CO.
125 CONGRESS ST. YPSILANTI
5 and 10c Store

The most important item of the first meal of the day is COFFEE.

We have realized that suiting our customer's Coffee taste goes far toward securing the bulk of their grocery trade. We are more particular about the quality and condition of our Coffee than ever. About the most popular Coffee is our Sunrise Coffee at 25c lb.

Then are those at 25c and 15c, that have suited many people.

Our 35c Coffee is the very best to be had.

Try our Coffees and you will be one of our customers.

DAVIS & CO.
On The Corner

Hopkins & Davis
Depot

SATURDAY, NOV. 2

Will put on sale another lot of those.

ORIENTAL MATCH HOLDERS

AT 25c EACH

Many were disappointed in not getting one of the last lot—so don't delay

Saturday, Nov. 2

Davis & Co.
On The Corner

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION NOW AT ISSUE IN YPSILANTI

The question of the city purchasing additional land for the growing needs of the State Normal college is soon to come before the people and is an issue, therefore, to which citizens generally should give some consideration. The college in the past has never appealed to the city for such aid in vain and it is entirely safe to say that the city in the present instance will do its full duty in the matter. The college is an institution whose prosperity, development and growth mean much to the city and local residents have always shown keen appreciation of this fact. But there is nothing in all this to exclude the need of giving to the present wants of the college that thoughtful consideration which all business propositions, involving considerable financial outlays, through taxation, should receive.

The legislature at its last session appropriated money for the construction of a new science building. The construction of this building makes necessary the securing of more ground, either to locate the building on, or for an athletic field. The present athletic grounds are not well suited to the purpose. They are not large enough. The present location necessitates an unsightly high board fence around these grounds in a residence portion of the city, where such a fence is objectionable. Again, this ground is much more valuable than it is at all necessary that athletic grounds should be. Unquestionably these grounds should be located elsewhere. And land entirely suited for the purpose may be had for from \$100 to \$200 per acre. With the athletic grounds located elsewhere, the present site, some citizens have thought, might be used for a location for the new science building. The objection is made that this location would bring the new science building too near the electric railway

and that the electric current and the tremor and jar from the passing cars would affect the delicate scientific instruments which will be used in the building. But if this objection makes that location impracticable, there is another location on the present grounds where the building might be placed and this objection avoided. There is room on the north side of the campus, just east of the chapel and north of the boiler house, where a building 120x100 feet might be located without interfering with the present circular drive way or any other important feature of that portion of the grounds. With the building located at that point the objections as to the railroad would be avoided.

But if neither of these locations is practicable, then some other site should be purchased. It is scarcely conceivable that anyone would oppose the purchase of a necessary site that can be bought right. Practically the only objection to any new site that has been seriously discussed is the figure which it is said the city will probably have to pay therefor. Whatever is ultimately done in the matter, the city should not permit itself to be held up. If the city purchases additional territory, as it undoubtedly will, it should and will cheerfully pay all the property is worth, but the people should not be called upon to pay twice what any property available is worth on the market.

The city is by no means reduced to the necessity of buying one particular parcel of land for this purpose. There is more than one available site and the city should have the courage to do its full duty by the Normal college, which is its greatest interest, and at the same time decline with thanks any proposition requiring it to pay two or more prices for the land it proposes to give the state.

HOW GEOGHAN WAS MURDERED

Duluth Herald Gave a Full Account

RIVERS UNDER ARREST

Nobody Saw the Blow Struck But Rivers was the Only Man With Him

The Duluth Herald of Oct. 16 contains a long account of the murder in that city the day before of Tom Geoghan, formerly of this city, where he was born and where his mother and two sisters still reside. The remains were brought here, it will be remembered, last Thursday. It is about 13 years since Tom left Ypsilanti, but he is still remembered by many friends of those days. He was back five years ago, when his father died. He was a son of Mrs. Mary Geoghan, of 11 S. Grove street.

The Herald give the following account of the affair:

Jolly Tom Geoghan was murdered yesterday morning in a saloon at 210 South Lake avenue.

He was stabbed in the heart. The blow was apparently struck by Pat Rivers, now under arrest.

Geoghan has been a celebrated character along the harbor front for the past 10 years. He was a big, pleasant, good natured man, with hundreds of friends.

He was foreman of the tonnage gang of freight handlers of which Pat Rivers was a member. Rivers was also well known and well liked, and, during his long residence in Duluth, it is said, he was never in trouble but once. It is claimed that he was the man that threw a policeman through a plate glass window of the Spalding hotel during the street riots of 1889.

Yesterday morning, about 9 o'clock, Geoghan, Rivers and three or four other freight handlers entered the saloon of A. W. Anderson. Rivers was accusing Geoghan of giving him the worst of it loading a certain boat.

Geoghan laughed at him and jokingly said that he didn't know anything about boats, anyway.

The men kept on talking this way for about twenty minutes till they finally called each other names.

Geoghan started back toward the lavatory, and Rivers quickly followed him. One man in the saloon claims that the latter said: "I will kill that

There was no sound of scuffle in the lavatory. The other men in the saloon didn't know anything was wrong till the two men fell forward through the swinging doors.

Speaking to the bartender, Geoghan said: "Take him away, Albert, I'm bleeding."

The bartender separated them. Geoghan died within a few minutes, saying

scarcely a word. The other men stood about, scarcely comprehending what had happened, and Rivers left the saloon unmolested.

Officer LaFlam was summoned and notified police headquarters. Chief Crandall, Capt. Resche and Detective Irvine hurried to the saloon. They locked the curious crowd out, and the men that saw the murder they locked in.

DRIVING OUT THE ENEMY.

These are the days of colds, sharp and sudden, attacking throat and lungs, and leading to consequences one does not like to think about. Avoid further exposure and fight the enemy of health and comfort with Perry Davis' Painkiller, the family stand-by for sixty years. It conquers a cold in a day. See that you get the right article. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

A DEFENSE OF THE Y. W. C. A.

To the Editor:

The work of the Young Women's Christian Association is a work of prevention, not of cure.

The woman spoken of in the Times of Oct. 2, did not call at the association; she was reported to the young ladies having charge of the rooms while the secretary was in Jackson.

The woman was brought there, laid upon the lounge, and cared for until after dark. Then one of the young ladies came for me to see what could be done for her for the night, as the association, no longer has accommodations for lodgers.

The woman did not improve—tho' no salts and camphor were used.

There was no other place to take her, and after consulting others, she was put in charge of Mrs. Jackson, where she had a clean bed in a clean room.

No one seeing her filthy condition would consider this her first offense. Her story could not be learned.

Would the fault-finders take such a person into their homes? The city provides no place but the lock-up.

If anyone is willing to open her home for such cases in the future, no doubt the association will be glad to know of it. Yours in defense of the Y. W. C. A. Oct. 26, 1901.

CLEANING HOUSE.

It is more important to clean your system than to clean your house. Liver-Lax, the little 25c system cleaner, is guaranteed to cure constipation.

MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Get two dollars' worth for one by paying your subscription to the Sentinel-Commercial in advance and securing one of the fine new maps of Michigan and the world free.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Wm. D. Gifford

A FINE LINE

OF GENUINE

Mexican Drawn Work

Our Own Importation
ARE HERE.

We cordially invite you
to call and see it . . .

DAVIS & KISHLAR

1881 1901

20 Years at the White Front

A. A. GRAVES

— DEALER IN —

CHOICE GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

"GOOD GOODS A SPECIALTY."

105 Congress Street.

SCHOOL BOOKS

You must have them. You will
save Time and Money, if you go

FRANK SMITH

for your SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
Many Second Hand Books taken in
exchange. Bring them in. Lots
of things given to the children at

FRANK SMITH'S

Come and see.

The Great MILL-END Sale

Begins Thursday, October 31st, 1901, at 8:30 a. m.
Continues Two Weeks. Wonderful Chances to Save!

THIS MILL-END SALE is an event in merchandising which we confidently expect will surpass in volume of business any previous sale we've ever conducted. Think of thousands of yards of Mill Ends in Prints, Muslins, Gingham, Outing Flannels and other yard goods. These will be sold at prices much below what the same goods could be bought for from the piece, yet the quality is identical. It is certain that there will be a big demand for these Matchless Mill-End Bargains, so we advise our patrons to come early and have the benefit of first choice.

A FEW EXAMPLES OF MILL-END BARGAINS

500 yards Checked and Plain Cotton Toweling, Mill-End Sale Price, per yd. 21c
1000 yards Unbleached Cotton, a heavy weight 7c quality, Mill-End Sale Price, per yd. 51c
1500 yards White Shaker Flannel. Mill-End Sale Price, per yd. . . . 4c
2000 yards Light and Medium Fancy Outings. Easy worth 6c, Mill-End Price, per yd. 5c

CASH
DRY GOODS
CLOAKS

BERTH. COMSTOCK,

128
CONGE SS
STREET

Mineral Baths.

— — —

They stop the grip.
As a tonic for the after effects
they cannot be beaten.

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work!"

Send for our FREE booklet, "Golden Rules for Housework."

No soap, no soda, no borax, no ammonia—nothing but water is needed with

GOLD DUST

to clean anything—pots, pans, furniture, clothes, wood-work. It requires only half the labor as soap or any other cleanser, and costs much less. See that the name "Fairbanks" and the "Gold Dust Twins" are on the package. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston.

ALL-FRESHMEN WON BY 12 TO 6

NORMAL GOT ITS SCORE ON A BAD FUMBLE

Capt. Dennis Got the Ball and Ran it 55 Yards for a Touch-Down

Football stock at the Normal, which was given a substantial boost by the victory over the Michigan Alkali Works team at Wyandotte last week, was helped along in its upward trend by the excellent showing made on the athletic grounds Saturday afternoon against the strong All-Freshmen eleven of the U. of M., who were held down to a score of 12 to 6, in the face of a 20 to 0 score made by them against the Normalites at Ann Arbor earlier in the season.

The palm hit of the game was made yesterday afternoon by Capt. Dennis, who scored the only Normal touch-down, in the most sensational play of the season, fumbling on the ball on an Ann Arbor fumble on Ann Arbor's 55-yard line, and then recovering himself and beating the Ann Arbor halves to the goal posts.

Ann Arbor kicked off and by rapid work the Normalites advanced the oval to Ann Arbor's 10-yard line, where they were held for downs. The freshmen then proceeded to slowly force their way down the field, and after they had narrowly escaped losing the ball several times within a few yards of the Normal they scored their first touch-down. Kidston kicked goal so the score was 6 to 0.

Kidston made several long runs and the ball was on the Normal's 30-yard line, when Ann Arbor fumbled and Dennis fell on the oval. Dennis punted after a Normal loss of seven yards in one down, and one ball had been brought back a few yards, when on Ann Arbor's 55-yard line it was again fumbled. Then occurred Dennis' brilliant run, and as he kicked goal, the score was 6 to 6. The half ended with the ball in Ann Arbor territory.

The second second half was a see-saw affair, with the ball now in the

possession of Ann Arbor and now in the hands of the Normal, but for the most part in Normal territory. Kidston and Burridge, by runs of from 3 to 10 yards, would work the piskin down to about the Normal 20-yard line, when the pedagogues would rally, hold their opponents for downs, and plough back to the center of the field. They in turn would be held for downs, and the process would be repeated. At last, however, the freshmen were successful in making their way across the line, and Kidston's goal brought the score to 12 to 6. The see-saw game was again taken up, but by this time the Normalites had grown wise, and so whenever they would get the ball on downs in their own territory they would punt out of danger.

Normal line-up: McClelland, l. e.; Gilmore, l. t.; Bellinger, l. g.; Crandall, c.; Kruse, r. g.; Green, r. t.; Fancher, r. e.; Saeimle, q.; Salsbury, l. h.; Dennis (Capt), r. h.; Belland, f.

Our First Fire Engine.

The first fire engine used in this country was brought from England to New York in 1731.

Vanilla and Coffee.

The drop of vanilla in a cup of chocolate is familiar, but one housekeeper says the addition of a little vanilla to coffee just before serving improves it.

Locust Swarms.

The expression used by the prophet Joel with regard to the locusts that "they darkened the sun" has often been corroborated by subsequent observers. Even in southern Europe swarms of locusts have been seen in such numbers that they quite obscure the light of the sun.

WHAT'S YOUR FACE WORTH?

Sometimes a fortune, but never if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clean Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's drug stores.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

THE KEY TO HEALTH STRENGTH AND LONGEVITY IS THE STOMACH

CONSTIPATION SICK HEADACHE INDIGESTION NERVOUSNESS

All diseases are more or less comprised in the above four ailments, all of which have their origin in the Stomach. Begin with Laxative, the great tonic laxative. It speedily and painlessly acts on the bowels, cleanses the stomach, stimulates the liver, corrects the kidneys, allays nervousness, assists digestion, while its marvellous tonic properties tones up the system while curing it, and speedily causes a natural and permanent condition of health. Laxative is the best Children's remedy in the world, and the only one that builds up the children's systems while acting as an all-around blood-purifier and tonic. It speedily clears the coated tongue, checks colds and simple fevers, and promotes sleep. Children like it and ask for it. Mothers are its greatest friends; they use it and recommend it. All druggists, 25c and 50c, or free sample of THE LAXATIVE COMPANY, 130 Nassau Street, New York.

Across Niagara's Gorge Perilous Feats Performed By Blondin On a Tight Rope

The recent death of a young woman who essayed to pass through the Niagara rapids recalls many similar fool-hardy ventures, the most notable of which was the performances of Blondin, the tight rope walker, who performed many nerve racking feats on a rope stretched across the gorge.

It is not generally known perhaps that the little passenger steamer called the Maid of the Mist or its predecessor of the same name, which now affords a close view of the American falls and approaches within reasonable distance of the Horseshoe, made a trip through the rapids in 1861. She went straight through the whirlpool, it is said, com-



BLONDIN CARRIED A STOVE.

manded by Joel Robinson, who is said to have aged twenty years in appearance during the terrible ordeal.

So far as can be ascertained the mania for persons of certain temperament to risk their lives at Niagara commenced to attract public notice when Sam Patch erected a ladder on the footpath under Goat island and announced that he would jump into the Niagara river. Patch rested the bottom of the ladder on the edge of the river, with the top inclining over it and staying it with ropes to the trees on the bank. At the top was a small platform, and from this Patch dived ninety-seven feet. He repeated the feat, but on moving to another location he jumped and was killed.

Traditions of Blondin are still current at Niagara. Other tight rope performers have repeated some of his feats over the rapids, but there seems to have been a grace and sangfroid about the Canadian which have distinguished him from all the rest. He is said, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit, to have offered to carry his royal highness over the rapids upon a tight rope seated in a wheelbarrow, which enticing proposal was firmly but respectfully declined by the present ruler of Great Britain or some member of his suit. It was in 1859 that Blondin first proposed to stretch a wire across Niagara river, and there was a universal howl of derision at the idea. Nevertheless one of the largest crowds ever gathered at Niagara went to see him throw his life away.

Blondin got out on the rope with a forty pound pole, crossed the river and then came back again. He lowered a cord to the old Maid of the Mist and drew up a bottle from which he took a drink. Then, after some feats of balancing, he came ashore amid the huzzas of the crowd, and the whole country rang with the news of the exploit. A couple of months later he carried his manager, Harry Calcourt, across on his back. It is said and it also has been denied that on this occasion Blondin had a quarrel with Calcourt. The latter had previously been trained to balance himself in order that he might be let down on the rope in the middle of the river while Blondin took a breath. The wind was strong, the manager's coat tails began to flutter, and the rope swayed in a sickening manner. Then, according to the story, Blondin threatened to leave his manager on the rope at the mercy of the waters underneath unless he kept himself under control. The threat was successful, and the trip across was safely made.

A few days later the fearless Blondin again crossed the river chained hand and foot. On his return he carried a cooking stove and made an omelet, which he lowered to the deck of the Maid of the Mist for consumption. On another occasion he crossed with a bushel basket on each foot and once carried a lady on his back. In 1860 he performed before the Prince of Wales, the rope being stretched 230 feet above the rapids between two of the steepest cliffs on the river. He turned somersaults before his royal highness and went through his whole repertory. He even crossed on a pair of stilts. It is wonderful to reflect that this daring man walked the tight rope without accident for nearly seventy years.

Since Blondin's time Niagara has become the "jumping off place" for persons who crave a certain sort of not-

riety or who desire to take leave of this world at a spot where, one would suppose, the splendor and majesty of nature would woo them back to life. There has hardly been a year in which some tight rope exhibition has not taken place at Niagara falls. Some years ago a young man named Stephen Peere stretched a cable across and made several passages. In 1878 he jumped from one of the bridges, and in 1887 he leaped to his death. A man named McDonnell made several very creditable attempts and proved himself an excellent walker. He went across with baskets on his feet and frightened the crowd of spectators by hanging with his legs from his head downward. Another man named Jenkins made the trip on a bicycle. The machine, however, was specially constructed, so that the feat was really not so remarkable as one might suppose.

Samuel J. Dixon, a Toronto photographer, on Sept. 6, 1890, crossed the gorge and gave an excellent exhibition. One of his crack feats was lying on his back on the wire. It is marvelous how few accidents there have been on the tight rope at Niagara. The first woman daring enough to try conclusions with Blondin and his host of imitators was Signorina Maria Spelterini. She crossed the rope with baskets on her feet in safety and so forever became famous.

The power of the Whirlpool rapids is said to have been first tested in 1811 when a daredevil British soldier got adrift on a log and was carried about in the pool for hours. He was finally rescued. In 1877 a man named Charles A. Percy got through in a lifeboat specially constructed for the occasion and containing two air chambers, in one of which Percy hid himself. Elated by his success, Percy made a wager with Robert W. Flack of Syracuse "for a race through the Whirlpool rapids in their respective lifeboats for \$500 a side." Flack's boat had no air cushions and was partly constructed of cork. The race was set for Aug. 1, 1888, but on July 4 Flack made a trial trip in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. At first he went along gayly, but in three minutes his boat was upset and carried into the whirlpool, bottom upward. It was secured an hour later, and Flack's body, a mass of bruised flesh, was found strapped to the seat.

A burly policeman named Kendall went through the whirlpool in a life preserver, and several men have done it in barrels. A man named Graham was the first to accomplish the latter feat. His first trip was made on July 11, 1886. On Aug. 19 of the same year he went again, with two coopers from Buffalo named Potts and Hazlett. Then Mr. Potts and Miss Sadie Allen got into a barrel and performed the trip.

The ferrymen below the rapids are always on the lookout for bodies. The rapids immediately above the falls offer a fearful temptation to the suicide. It is literally but a step from the beautiful shores of Goat island into the sparkling and tumultuous water, and all is over. There are persons who, out of a love of mischief, throw dummy men into the water above the falls just for the fun of the thing. The excitement which is sometimes caused by this expedient, however gratifying to the perpetrators of the joke, is deplored by all right minded people.

Man Mauled to Death by a Bear

Dan Rice, a hunter and prospector, recently met with a horrible death near Nelson, B. C. In company with another prospector named Adams he went into the hills in search of game. Rice carried a magazine rifle, while the other man had a shotgun. They camped near Kootenay lake and the next morning separated. Adams to look for small game while Rice was in search of bear.

When Adams returned, he fired his gun a couple of times, but failed to get any response. He kept up a fire until late at night to attract Rice's attention should he have lost his way. Rice did not appear in the morning, and all that day Adams looked for him, firing his gun at frequent intervals. On the second day he went to Kaslo and obtained help, and ten men started in the search on the morning of the third day.

Shortly after 1 o'clock they found the remains of the unfortunate man. Rice apparently had been walking along the trunk of a fallen tree among thick branches and had evidently, unknown to himself, been followed along the tree by a bear. The bear had struck him on the back and broken either his shoulder or backbone or both. Crippled in this way, but still probably retaining consciousness, the man was pounced upon by the big bear and literally torn to pieces. The bear had bitten his face into a pulp, and his scalp was pulled down over his eyes. Both arms were broken, and one was bitten through to the shoulder.

The rifle lay at one side untouched, with the magazine full. The weapon was not cocked, showing that he had been caught completely by surprise, although he was a careful and experienced hunter.

TRAINING THE HAND.

Show the Child How to Do Things. Don't Do Them Yourself.

"The more you do for children, the less they do for themselves." My friend said this bitterly as she sank exhausted into a rocker. She has sacrificed her entire life for her children, and what is the result? Now that she is old, not only they do nothing for her, but they still expect her to do things for them.

Do you know that is the trouble with most mothers, especially those who have bright brains and clever fingers? They would rather do things themselves than see others bungle over them. They wait on their children, dress them and even solve their difficulties, performing all these things much more rapidly and satisfactorily than if they were left to the children themselves. But what comes of it? The children grow up helpless, with stiff, unwieldy fingers and an utter absence of what New Englanders so aptly term "faculty." "Oh, if I could only sew!" one often hears a woman say. "But I have not a bit of talent that way, and my fingers are so stiff and clumsy I can't even tie a decent bow. Dear mother was so clever. She always used to make all our dainty little things."

Why are those fingers clumsy? Because they were never trained. We hear a great deal about educating the brain. What about educating the hand? Do you know what it means to have an educated hand in this busy world? All the difference between failure and success. It is one of the most valuable gifts your child can have, and it is within your power to bestow it.

GRACE CHALMERS.

THE CHAFING DISH.

Try One When Next You Entertain Your Friends.

Where the chafing dish originated no one knows. It is related that the great Napoleon himself was fond of cooking little messes for the benefit of Josephine. Men like the chafing dish because they can exploit their skill in cooking before their less clever friends. Women cling to the chafing dish because it enables them to adopt a pretty pose.

Anyway, the chafing dish is here to stay, and those of you who do not possess one had better set to work immediately to remedy the deficiency. Here are a few hints which may help you. Of course a solid silver dish is out of the question for the average purse, but a silver plated dish at \$10 or a nickel plated one at \$5 will do just as well. Select a dish which has a hot water pan, because in cooking certain kinds of food they will scorch if put immediately over the fire. All the handles should be of heatproof material, ebony preferred. The best grade of alcohol is the cheapest in the long end, for it gives more heat. Five tablespoonfuls will last for about half an hour, which is long enough to carry out the average chafing dish recipe. Before you begin in the presence of your friends be sure to have your condiments placed conveniently at hand. If possible, have



A COZY LITTLE SUPPER.

everything measured out. Of course any number of accessories can be bought in the shape of silver spice bottles, dishes for sauces, long, beautifully worked spoons and forks, etc., but four things are absolutely necessary — you must have a flagon with a long, slender spout for the alcohol with which to fill the burner, and this should be of silver, as it is always present on the table; next a heatproof tray on which the chafing dish may be placed so that it will not injure the surface of the table, and last you should have at least one spoon and one fork with long handles. Eggs, oysters, sweetbreads and lobsters may be easily cooked on the chafing dish in a variety of appetizing ways, and such is the craze for this amateur cooking that several books have been published full of nothing but chafing dish recipes.

HELEN CLIFTON.

Estate of P. Henry Harris.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 17th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, Willis L. Watkins, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of P. Henry Harris, deceased.

John R. Harris, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes in to court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final administration account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Friday, the 1st day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said proceedings, the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.] GEORGE R. GUNN, Probate Register.

DON'T TOBACCO SPOIL AND SMOKE Your Lifeaway!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking **NO-TO-BAC**, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 cured. All druggists. Cures guaranteed. No refund and advice FREE. Address: STEERING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.

File No. 8955 12 351.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Albert T. Mason, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the residence of said deceased in the Township of Salem in said County, on the 4th day of January, and on the 4th day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, October 4th, 1901.

HILTON ALBRO, ALBERT L. WALKER, Commissioners.

FRANK JOSLYN, atty.-at-law, Ypsilanti, Mich. File No. 8934 12 371.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW—The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of John Schenck, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Fred W. Green in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on the 25th day of November and on the 1st day of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

FRED W. GREEN, FRANK LAY TOWNER, Commissioners.

Dated, August 7th, 1901.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original **ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA**. Made only by Hudson Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes. Ask your druggist.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascares I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascares." FRED WATKINS, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascares

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. The 25c Jar. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 314

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.

Trains leave Ann Arbor as follows:

NOTREBOURD	TOLEDO	SOUTHBOURD
8:45 am	12:15 pm	7:30 am
	4:30 pm	11:25 am

* Between Toledo and Ann Arbor only. All trains daily except Sunday.

W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo, O. E. S. GILMORE, Agent, Ann Arbor.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1:40pm	9:05am	Ypsilanti	4:55pm	12:05pm
2:05pm	9:19am	Pittsfield Jct.	4:30pm	11:40am
2:25pm	9:27am	Saline	4:25pm	11:25am
2:45pm	9:38am	Bridgeville	4:14pm	11:05am
3:05pm	10:00am	Manchester	3:53pm	10:17am
4:34pm	10:38am	Brooklyn	3:23pm	9:00am
4:50pm	10:49am	Woodstock	3:11pm	8:43am
5:20pm	11:07am	Jerome	3:33pm	8:18am
5:30pm	11:18am	No. Adams	3:33pm	8:02am
6:00pm	11:35am	Hillsdale	2:25pm	7:40am
7:10am	7:15pm	Chicago	8:30am	3:00am
11:00pm	2:25pm	Toledo	10:38am	6:50pm
2:15am	5:40pm	Cleveland	6:30am	3:00pm
6:50am	10:10pm	Buffalo	12:40am	7:55pm

All trains daily except Sunday P. M. BROW

THE SENTINEL-COMMERCIAL

ISSUED ON THURSDAY.

\$1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance.

tered at the Postoffice in Ypsilanti, Michigan as second class matter.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1901.

Osborne Howes, of Boston, speaking in Chicago before the Commercial club on the subject of reciprocity, particularly with Canada, said:

"They are the best customers, man for man, that we have, for last year they purchased American products to the value of \$20 per capita, which, with the exception of the English, was at a ratio more than four times greater than any other foreign nation with which we have dealings. These Canadian purchases, made by 5,500,000 people, were larger than all of the sales of American products upon the continents of North and South America, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. In comparison with the \$20 per capita purchased by Canadians, the English purchased \$13.25 per capita and other nations ranged from \$4.25 for Germany downward, only about four in all being above the \$1 mark."

It costs less to trade with Canadians than with any other people. They are Americans like ourselves and live on the same plane and like our goods. We do not have to make any especial forms of manufactured goods to satisfy their demands because their tastes are about like our own. But they are becoming restless under our policy of restriction. They, as well as practically all the other nations, are threatening retaliation. It would seem that no arguments ought to be necessary to make the reasonableness and necessity of reciprocity with Canada apparent to all. Certainly this people cannot continue to buy from us if we do not buy from them. Trade must be an exchange of products or it must cease. Yet a few special interests which have grown rich through favoring legislation seem determined not to permit any concessions. But nothing is more certain than that concessions much be made if we are to continue to find markets for our products. We need foreign markets for our products quite as much as do the Canadians and other nations and if we are to get them we must give a quid pro quo. Then there are political reasons as well which would seem to make it the part of wisdom to avoid all this friction with our neighbor to the north. If Canada is ever to become one with us and form a part of this great union, a point will be gained by avoiding all industrial wars and friction.

The cost of maintaining a soldier in the German army is said to be \$227 a year, while the cost of maintaining a soldier in the United States army is \$1,215. Our country is to be congratulated on this fact. This difference, in some measure at least, grows out of the different methods used in obtaining men for the army. Old world governments make military service compulsory, while the great republic goes out in the market and employs its citizens for military duty. The American method always makes a willing soldier, while the old world method does not. The fact that the American soldier costs so much is another guarantee tending to hold the nation back from militarism. Our soldiers cost too much to make a war of aggression popular. But even with this large cost there are few Americans who can not do better than to enter the military service as a life calling. They are always ready to serve when patriotism demands such service, but not for other purposes. It is to be hoped the time will never come when the average American will find the army the most lucrative calling open to him.

The Assassin Czolgosz has paid the final penalty for his crime and will speedily be forgotten in so far as that is possible. The carrying out of the law's mandate was done in an altogether proper way. The whole proceeding was stripped of all sensationalism and no opportunity was given the condemned to get any notoriety out of it. The handling of the execution by the authorities has been in such a way as to dispose of all remembrance of the vile wretch, in so far as this is possible. He went to his death unrepentant and glorying in his crime. His brain was found to be normal and it is the opinion of the physicians who performed the autopsy that he was in all ways accountable for his acts. A more senseless crime than his probably was never committed. But he has paid the debt as far as it is possible for him to pay it. Society has nothing more to fear from him. Now let there be no more memory of him.

When Judge Advocate Lemly asked Admiral Schley what he would have done had he met Cervera's fleet at Cienfuegos either coming out or coming into the harbor from seaward, the admiral promptly replied, "Knocked them out." This seems to have been the admiral's plan of battle and it was most effectively carried out.

The United States not only raises all the wheat it uses, but it also annually exports wheat and flour enough to keep in their daily bread 50,000,000 of foreigners. Of this amount only about one-third is in flour, the balance being in wheat to be ground abroad. Our own local mills enjoy some of this foreign trade and are doing what they can to increase it. Europe, with its constantly increasing population will draw more and more upon the United States for its food supply.

The New York city election will attract more attention than any other this fall. Both the candidates for mayor are men of the highest personal character. But back of one is Boss Croker and back of the other is Boss Platt. Both of the men have hitherto been against these bosses. The bosses, however, nominated these men. Coler would have been the nominee in place of Low had not Boss Platt intervened and Coler would have been the nominee of Tammany, had not Boss Croker intervened.

Let us hope that the action of the board of supervisors in provisionally adopting standard time will be followed by its entire adoption in this county. Let the University and the suburban line adopt it and let the court house and the University clocks be set on that time and it will not be long before every watch in the city will be on that time and the people will wonder how they came for so long a period to put up with the nuisance of a double standard of time. The suburban trains are now really giving us three standards of time, for they run on Detroit local time and that is not the same as Ann Arbor local time. There is five minutes difference between Jackson local time and Detroit local time. But happily for Jackson she has long since, like every other self-respecting city, gone to standard time.

The board of supervisors of Shiawassee county has gone on record in favor of separating state and county taxation. It is a step in the right direction and it is to be hoped that other counties will follow suit. With the sources of local and state revenue entirely separate, much of the difficulty of equalizing will be gotten rid of and much tax dodging will be avoided. The resolution passed by the board is as follows:

"Resolved, by the board of supervisors of the county of Shiawassee, That as a board we place ourselves on record in favor of the early separation of the state and counties in all taxation measures, and call upon our state legislature to enact at as early a date as possible, such statutes or other legislation to bring this about, believing that such separation will simplify the work of assessment and collection of taxes, eliminate all confusion in the keeping of accounts between state and county officers, and greatly reduce the whole expense of government to the people.

"Resolved, That we call on all boards of supervisors throughout the state to place themselves on record in a similar manner."

Secretary Long's estimates for the navy for the ensuing year call for \$31,000,000 more than last year. This seems like a very large increase for a single year, but there will be little objection from the country at large. The people have long believed in the wisdom of building up a powerful navy. They have been as earnest in their desire for a strong navy as they have been in their opposition to a large standing army. They look upon the navy as a protection and a bulwark, but regard a powerful standing army as a menace. Such a navy is now of more vital importance than ever before. Our new territorial policy has rendered such a navy a necessity. We must have it to protect the integrity of the national domain. With a strong navy and proper coast defenses, war may rage without but it cannot come to our own lands and homes. The pursuits of peace, the sowing and reaping, will go on undisturbed. Our land like that of England will know no such thing as foreign aggression. Such a navy while affording protection will carry no menace of aggression, as would a large standing army. The nation can afford to spend money for the navy and such expenditure, if reasonably made, will have the approval of the people.

Ann Arbor has had some heated council meetings, but she yields the palm to Chelsea. Taking Mr. Bacon's and Mr. Snyder's testimony Thursday as correct, and it is doubtful if any city or village in the country could produce a council meeting with less regard for parliamentary usage and more regard for brute force. But then this is another phase of the old Judson and anti-Judson fight, or as it is now known in Chelsea, the Glazier and anti-Glazier fight, and as family quarrels are always the most bitter so these republican factional fights far exceed in bitterness anything between opposite parties. But let not the democrats delude themselves. Mr. Judson and Mr. Sawyer got together and Mr. Sawyer got an office. Mr. Glazier and Mr. Bacon will yet probably be occupying the same political bed.

While Secretary of War Root, with the Philippine insurrection yet on his hands, asks for an appropriation of \$79,000,000 for the coming fiscal year, President Roosevelt's old-time friend, Secretary of the Navy Long, evidently believes in the old-time maxim that the time to make hay is when the sun shines. He has asked for an appropriation of \$98,910,984 or about \$20,000,000 more than last year. If granted this would mean that the United States would spend over \$30,000,000 more than any other nation in the world excepting Great Britain, on its navy. With all this expenditure but two new armored cruisers and three battleships are provided for. Secretary Long wants to spend all that Secretary Root saves, for Secretary Root wants \$16,000,000 less than last year.

The latest gossip from Washington has it that the southern democrats will go in for the annexation of Cuba and that the best of the Cubans are in favor of the annexation. But be this as it may, it has seemed that the pledge the United States gave not to annex Cuba was not necessary when it was made and that of all the territory the United States captured, Cuba was the territory, lying most contiguous, and most necessary for the protection of the Isthmian canal, and most evidently designed by nature as a part of the United States.

King Edward has issued orders that his birthday, Nov. 9, should be observed as a national holiday by his loyal subjects. While the king of England is largely a titular ruler, he can put on all the flamboyant fanfare of the most autocratic ruler on the face of the earth. Let us be happy that we do not live in Canada and can observe our own birthdays and not that of his royal "nibs" who we have never seen.

A soldier for fighting but not for oratory. Gen. Buller can testify to the truth of this sentiment. Gen. Alger, by the time the critics finish his forthcoming book, will probably agree that a pen in the hands of a soldier is almost as dangerous as a penman for speechmaking.

Those cities which are desirous of new libraries will please take note that Andrew Carnegie is on his way home to America. Jackson is to have a new library through his generosity, why not Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti?

Wine is so cheap in Italy that it sells for one cent a gallon. What an opportunity for the man with an insatiable thirst and a slim pocketbook.

NOT ENOUGH ALDERMEN THERE

The special meeting of the council called for Monday to decide whether or not to hold a special election on the question of giving \$12,000 for the Owen and Post property as a site for the new science building, did not draw a quorum, so it was adjourned without any action being taken. The matter will be brought up before the regular session Monday evening, Nov. 4, when in all probability the aldermen will decide in favor of the election.

President Leonard of the Michigan Normals, Principal Lyman of the Ypsilanti institution, and Profs. Sherzer, Strong and Barbour were present, and would have been called upon for remarks had there been a quorum.

The city has been unable to dispose of the \$12,000 worth of implement bonds issued to raise money for the Newton & Haggerty and the Phoenix-Reid Co., but it is said that offers have already been made for the proposed \$12,000 issue for the Normal.

Mrs. M. J. Gooking, Lomax, Neb., writes: I send you 50 cents for one box of Kid-N-Oids. I cannot get along without your medicine. I have been taking Kid-N-Oids for about four months and am improving wonderfully. I was almost dead and the doctors told me I could not get well without an operation, but the new discovery, Kid-N-Oids cured me. Sold by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

TAUGHT CHILDREN TO CALL HIM "PA"

AND CHARLES YOUNG DON'T LIKE IT A BIT

Puts in an Answer to the Bill of Complaint Filed by His Wife

Charles Young, the holder of the famous "perpetual injunction" that restrains Foster Kilpatrick from in any way communicating with Mrs. Charles Young, has, through her attorney, Lee N. Brown, filed his answer to the wife's application for a divorce.

The answer in part is as follows: "This defendant denies that he disregarded the solemnity of his marriage vows, that he has been, is, or ever was guilty of extreme or repeated cruelty toward the complainant in this cause; but on the contrary charges the truth to be that he and the complainant lived happily together until the defendant moved with his family on River street in the city of Ypsilanti. While here they took as a boarder one Foster Kilpatrick, that the said Kilpatrick alienated the affections of the complainant in this cause and separated this defendant and complainant. Complainant and defendant herein lived happily together, but soon after Kilpatrick commenced to board with the parties to this cause. Complainant herein commenced to be distant and was anything but a loving wife; that this defendant did everything in his power to make her happy, furnished money and provisions and fuel, and all the necessities that go to make a comfortable home, but all to no avail, she having become infatuated with the said Foster Kilpatrick and endeavored to leave this defendant, in consequence of his infatuation, and on the advice of Foster Kilpatrick, heretofore, to wit, on or about the 20th day of November, 1900, she, the said complainant filed a bill of divorce against this defendant, but that at request of the wife, complainant herein, and consent of this defendant, said previous case was settled and all matters pro and con, as between the parties were fully adjusted, satisfied, and all grievances, one as against the other, were forgiven on either side.

"That since the complainant has left this defendant the second time, that she went to one Gilbert M. Brown to board, and that Gilbert M. Brown also boarded Foster Kilpatrick; that Foster Kilpatrick, realizing the incriminating evidence should be stay with said Gilbert Brown, and on the advice of said Gilbert Brown and said Mary B. Young, conniving and confederating together, left Brown, Mary B. Young would pretend that she wanted the children and occasionally the children would go over to see their mother, who would use them well and sometimes abuse them, according as she felt when they appeared, and occasionally the said Foster Kilpatrick would be there and he would teach the children to call him "papa," all for the purpose of carrying out the cursed end which they had leagued themselves together to consummate, that of so humiliating and annoying the defendant and herein, that he would skip out and allow the said Mary Young to obtain a divorce.

"The defendant admits that he got out an injunction against Foster Kilpatrick, but denies that there was within it bad intentions, but on the contrary alleges the truth to be that it was with the best intentions and with the hope that it save a separation and with the hope that it save a separation between him and his wife."

WRITE THIS DOWN in the book or memory: "There is no such thing as a harmless cough." Every cough is a warning of a confidence that goes from bad to worse unless it is remedied right away. Opium-laden medicine is a delusion. Allen's Lung Balm cures the worst of colds. It clears the bronchial passages, so that the lungs get plenty of air. Why not get a bottle today?

SOLD INTEREST IN THE TOLEDO-YPSI

Toledo, Oct. 28.—A three-quarter interest in the Toledo-Ypsilanti electric road has been sold by L. H. Austin, of this city, to a party of capitalists who are interested in the Toledo & Indiana and the Toledo & Lima electric roads. The Toledo-Ypsilanti line will touch Petersburg, Dundee, Milan and other southern Michigan towns, and is planned to reach both Sand and Clark lakes. The other quarter interest is held by John O. Zable, of Petersburg and Willis Baldwin, of Monroe.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I had pains in my back, could not sleep and when I got up in the morning felt worse than the night before. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I can sleep and get up feeling rested and able to do my work. I attribute my cure entirely to Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. J. N. Perry, care H. S. Copeland, Pike Road, Ala.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills Cure kidney and liver troubles, relieve the back, and build up the whole system.

ELLIS-WOODS NUPTIALS TONIGHT

MARRIAGE WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE M. E. CHURCH

The Affair will be Quite an Elaborate One—Both Parties Are Well Known

The marriage of Miss Bethlea Ellis, one of the most gifted and accomplished vocalists of the city, and Walter H. Woods, of Chicago, was solemnized at the Methodist church last evening at 7:30 o'clock. Miss Ellis is a general favorite in the city on account of her charming manner and beautiful voice and will be greatly missed by many friends. She is a graduate of the Normal conservatory, and for the past year has been soprano soloist in the Jefferson avenue church, Detroit, for the previous two years, having occupied a similar position in the Detroit Trumbull Avenue Presbyterian church. Mr. Woods is a graduate of the electrical engineering department of the U. of M. and is at present connected with the Kohler Bros.' Electrical Contracting Co. of Chicago.

The bride's wedding gown was of white crepe de chine over white taffeta with applique lace trimming. The wedding colors were pink and white. The matron-of-honor, Mrs. Frank Wilbur of Grand Rapids, the bride's sister wore cream albatross and liberty silk, with gauze ribbons. The bridesmaids, Misses Maude Allen, Winifred Childs and Clara Drury of Ypsilanti, and Miss Jennie Woods, the bridegroom's sister, of Ann Arbor, wore white batiste over pink taffeta and carried pink chrysanthemums. Little Lona Wilbur, of Grand Rapids, was ring-bearer. The best man was Mr. Ernest T. Rankin of the Ann Arbor high school faculty, and the ushers were Dr. Nicholas Grelselt of Detroit, Frank Ellis of Owosso, Edmund P. Kine of Chicago, and Howard Coffin of Ann Arbor. Prof. Pease played the wedding music, and Rev. C. T. Allen performed the ceremony, after which a reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Ellis.

MEETING OF THE STATE BOARD

The state board of education, at their regular monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon appointed E. W. Arnold of Detroit, architect of the proposed science building in this city; gave a \$1,500 book contract to George Wahr of Ann Arbor, and appointed Miss Bertha Rowman acting instructor in physical training during the absence of Miss Mary I. Mann.

Life certificates were granted to the following: Nellie Fuller of Adrian college, '98; Charles H. Perry, Abion college, '00; A. W. Chamberlin, Kalamazoo college, '99; and a five-year certificate was granted to Miss Minnie Oliff.

The following certificates, diplomas and licenses to teach were approved:

Special license to G. W. Joliffe by the state board of education of Wisconsin; diploma of the Genesee N. Y. Normal to Lura Hendry; diploma of art school to eJanette Fitch; diploma of Oswego, N. Y., Normal to Florence Tiffany; diploma of Oskosh, Wis., Normal to Jean Smith; professional certificate of the state superintendent of education of Minnesota to Ann Merrick; diploma of the Milwaukee Normal to R. W. Whitford; diploma of the California, Pa., Normal to Laura Davis.

Graded certificates were renewed for three years for Emma Hunt, Arabella Shorts, Jessie Manners.

Rural certificates were renewed for two years for Nellie Reach, Gertrude Hawley, Sophrona Windover, Margaret Cary.

COLORED MASONS ELECT OFFICERS

At the meeting of the colored high Masonic Grand Lodge of Michigan, held in Ypsilanti Monday the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Grand Master—III. John R. Bell, Grand Rapids. Grand Deputy—III. S. D. Curley, Detroit. Grand Senior Warden—III. F. S. Roadman, Ypsilanti. Grand Junior Warden—III. Samuel Bayless, Ann Arbor. Grand Treasurer—III. John A. Freeman, Ann Arbor. Grand Secretary—Edward J. Lewis, Ann Arbor. Grand Chaplain—Rev. Lewis Prithford, Ypsilanti. Grand Lecturer—Joseph Preston, Ypsilanti. Grand Deacon—C. H. Allen, Detroit. Grand Junior Deacon—Elijah Guy, Grand Rapids. Grand Marshal—Jefferson Lyon, Ypsilanti. Senior Steward—Theophilus Crosby, Ypsilanti. Junior Grand Steward—George Kersey, Ypsilanti. Grand Tyler—William Ramsey, Grand Rapids.

The next session of the Prince Hall lodge will be held in Grand Rapids July 2, 1902.

ROBBERY? Kid-N-Oids have robbed kidney trouble of its danger and suffering. Try them, they are guaranteed. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

A FAMILY REMEDY

Pe-ru-na in Use in Thousands of Homes.

Mr. Harry M. Stevens, of Midland Beach, L. I., New York, proprietor of the Richmond Hotel, writes:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the



value of Peruna. I have used it for years and have found it to be a most excellent family remedy. For colds, catarrh and similar ills, it is unsurpassed."—HARRY M. STEVENS.

John L. Burnett, Member of Congress, Seventh Alabama District, writes: "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of your Peruna. At the solicitation of a friend my wife used it, and it improved her condition generally. It is a remarkable remedy. I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as a good, substantial tonic, and a very good catarrh remedy."

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Peruna is not a guess nor an experiment—it is an absolute scientific certainty. Peruna has no substitutes—no rivals. Insist upon having Peruna.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice free.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

COLORED MASONS CLOSED THEIR SESSION

There was a meeting of the grand lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons (colored) here Tuesday beginning at 7:30 p. m. Grand Master John A. Bell, 33d, of Grand Rapids, in the grand master's chair. Prayer was offered by Grand Chaplain Rev. Lewis Pettiford, 32d, of this city. The report of the finance committee showed 72 members in good standing. The installing of grand officers was performed by Past Grand Master, S. D. Curley, 33d, of Detroit. After the completion of this work the lodge adjourned to meet in Grand Rapids in July, 1902. A fine repast was then served, after which toasts were responded to by Grand Master John A. Bell, Past Grand Master S. D. Curley, Rev. L. Pettiford, Edward J. Lewis of Ann Arbor, E. H. Johnson, Fred Merchant and others. Music was furnished by the Y. L. C. band.

The Normal's first game with an intercollegiate team will be played in the athletic field Saturday with Hillsdale. Ben Owens, assistant coach at the U. of M., has been working with the Hillsdale eleven for the past several days, but reports come from the college that the team is weak this year and that although Owens has put life and ginger into the men he has begun too late in the season to make them a particularly strong aggregation.

Dr. James McKee

M. D., University of Mich. Post-Graduate courses, Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat College.

The Scientific Fitting of Glasses. POSTOFFICE BUILDING, Ypsilanti, Mich. Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Residence, 613 Chicago Ave.

OUR LIFE SAVER

Is a stock of pure Drugs. In our hands, the physician's prescription is carefully carried out and recovery made more possible.

MORFORD & SMITH City Drug Store

YPSILANTI MICHIGAN CENTRAL The Niagara Falls Route. Taking effect June 9, 1901

GOING EAST.	
*Detroit Express	8:15am.
*Atlantic Express	8:45am.
Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Express	11:25am.
Mail and Express	4:05pm.
*New York and Boston Special	5:15pm.
*Fast Eastern Express	9:58pm.
GOING WEST.	
Mail and Express	8:20am.
Chicago Special	9:10am.
*Fast Western Express	1:26pm.
Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Express	5:30pm.
*Chicago Night Express	9:25pm.
*Pacific Express	12:15am.
Daily. Other trains delivered Sunday.	

BOR & JACKSON RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 16th, 1901.
The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this a local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.	Leave Ypsilanti.	Leave Saline.
6:45 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	
8:45	9:45	
10:45	11:45	
12:45 p. m.	1:45 p. m.	
2:45	3:45	
4:45	5:45	
6:45	7:30	
8:45	9:45	
10:45	11:45	

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Miss Stumpenhuisen spent Sunday in Milan.

Miss Alta Shaw spent Sunday in Chelsea.

The Misses Herkimer spent Sunday at Schofield.

Mrs. Geo. Gunn is the guest of Miss Jessie Swain.

Miss Baird, of St. Clair, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Smith left yesterday for the Pan-American.

Mrs. Fred Weiman of Saline was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Clara Allen is the guest of Detroit friends today.

C. L. Yost has opened an office on Washington street.

Hon. P. H. Kelly, of Detroit, visited the Normal Tuesday.

The ladies' library will be opened next Saturday as usual.

Mrs. Sara Hopkins has left for an extended stay in Florida.

W. W. Alexander, of Detroit, was an Ypsilanti visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Emeline Lee has been granted a pension of \$8 per month.

Mr. Scott Vail of Bay City is a guest at the home of Mr. S. Vail.

Mrs. Don Lawrence is entertaining her sister, Miss Oliff, of Clio.

Miss Florence Myers of Detroit is the guest of Miss Emma Gray.

Andrew Voorhees, of Detroit, spent Sunday with friends in the city.

Mrs. W. M. Burtless, of Manchester, is the guest of Mrs. E. G. Green.

S. S. Crist, of River street, returned Saturday from the Pan-American.

Dr. and Mrs. Avery, of Chelsea, were guests of Ypsilanti friends Sunday.

Mrs. Howard Merriam, of Lapeer, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Mansfield.

Mrs. R. W. Hurdley, of Detroit, was the guest of her parents last week.

Miss Cora Davis, of Chelsea, was the guest of friends in the city Sunday.

Mrs. A. S. Blagdon of Jackson is visiting her sister, the Misses Jones.

Miss Robson of the Normal faculty returned to Chicago Sunday evening.

C. E. Clark was the guest of Chelsea friends the fore part of the week.

Mr. Frank Ellis of Owosso is the guest of his parents of Chicago avenue.

Frank Wilbur, of Grand Rapids, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ellis.

Wm. Howlett, of King's grocery, left Saturday for the Pan-American.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldner were guests of Ann Arbor friends Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Begole are the joint proprietors of a fine new boy baby.

Mrs. Rebecca Teeple is spending the week with her daughter in Ypsilanti town.

The Baptist rummage sale continues this week. Go and see the good bargains.

Misses Ida Witherspoon and Lillian Wheeler are guests of Detroit friends today.

Chicken thieves have been getting in their work recently on W. Congress street.

Mrs. Albert S. Rogers is ill with diphtheria at her home on South Huron street.

The Misses Conway, of Detroit, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Ed. Ryan.

Pike Goodell, of Wyandotte, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Kanouse, Monday.

Mrs. Jansen, who has been spending the past few days in Detroit, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Damon returned Monday from a week's stay at Chelsea.

Mrs. Mary Spencer of Lansing, the state librarian, was an Ypsilanti visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterman and daughter were guests of Ann Arbor relatives Sunday.

Master James Shenidan, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is the guest of Mrs. Prof. Hopkins.

Contractor George B. Jackson has bought the Straight property on Perrin street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Fisk will return from Portage Lake Friday to remain in the city.

Lee McPherson, of Seattle, Wash., arrived in the city Saturday to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaudy and son Ralph returned from the Pan-American Sunday evening.

Rev. W. S. Jerome, of Northville, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit Sunday morning.

Messrs. D. L. and Guy E. Davis left Sunday night for Chicago on a short business trip.

Mr. Devoe has returned to his position with Davis & Co. after an absence of six weeks.

Mrs. S. A. Auker of East Tawas is the guest of her daughter, Miss Edna, of the C. B. C.

Messrs. Spencer, Klein and Feibel, of Ann Arbor, were guests of Ypsilanti friends Sunday.

Misses Bessie Sutherland and Catherine Witherspoon are spending a few days in Detroit.

Miss Knapp, of the C. B. C., has accepted a position with O. E. Thompson as stenographer.

Mrs. Stebbins, from Dherra, India, addressed the Normal Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon.

Henry Saunders and family have moved from Bell street to 610 W. Congress street.

Two prominent society ladies of S. Washington street are to be married in the near future.

Miss Alice Bailey and Miss VanAken were the guests of Detroit friends Saturday and Sunday.

The Xi Psi Phi fraternity, of Ann Arbor attended the Arm of Honor reception Friday night.

Mrs. M. L. Randall, of Detroit, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Verschoor.

The Ann Arbor Gun club will give a grand "Merchandize" shoot Nov. 1. All shooters are invited.

Dan Ellsworth rendered a very impressive solo at the Congregational church Sunday morning.

Miss Louise Deienett, of Saline, is spending a few days in the city, the guest of Miss Sutherland.

It is reported that a certain popular Ypsilanti high school teacher will be married before very long.

Master James O'Brien, son of Mike O'Brien, died Tuesday morning at his home on N. Huron street.

Chas. H. Morse, of Boston, will again be in the employ of G. W. Johnson in the poultry business this season.

The sale of the Students' Normal Lecture course tickets will occur Monday, Nov. 4, at Normal chapel.

Prof. Norton rendered a very pleasing violin solo at chapel exercise at the Normal yesterday morning.

Mrs. George Thompson, of Detroit, and daughter Esther, have been the guests of Mrs. Geo. McElcheran.

Prof. Jefferson, head of the geography department of the Normal, is moving to No. 14 Normal street.

Miss Julia Stowe entertained her brother, Mr. Stowe, and Mr. DeYoung, of Ann Arbor, over Sunday.

George Gale, of Fenton, was called to the city Thursday on account of the death of his brother, A. J. Gale.

Miss Hannah Thumm has been spending several days with the Misses Widemanns of Ann Arbor town.

Miss Eva Kishlar of Grosse Ile, who has been the guest of her parents the past few days, returned Tuesday.

The postoffice force presented Elmer Warner, the mail carrier and his new wife, with a handsome rocking chair.

A gang of the telephone linemen are in the city repairing the outside construction work of the local exchange.

Herman Strobel, of the Cleary college, has accepted a position as bookkeeper with A. D. Rosen & Co., of Detroit.

Miss Minnie Fell has resigned her position at Davis & Kishlar's store to accept a similar one at Reynoldsville, Penn.

Two prominent society ladies of South Huron street (not Washington street) will be married in the near future.

Miss May Read, of the Liggett school, Detroit, spent the past few days in the city, the guest of her parents.

Miss Clara Davis, of Detroit, a former C. B. C. student, spent Sunday in the city, the guest of Miss Frances Nichols.

The funeral of Samuel Preston, the 3-months-old son of J. Preston, of Harriet street, occurred at Stony Creek Monday.

The Misses Crosby of Northville are the guests of Mrs. Walter Steffy. The library will be opened to give out books Saturday.

Miss Pauline Mader, of Ann Arbor, who has been a guest of the Zeta Phi's of the Normal the past few days, returned today.

Mr. Mellencamp, of Grass Lake, who has been the guest of his son, Ed. Mellencamp, the past few days, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, of Howland City, Mich., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Collins, of this city, for a few days.

W. H. Jones, of Detroit, representing the Jackson & Massillon Coal Co., was the guest of Frank Stowell the last part of last week.

The Normal football team will open their intercollegiate series next Saturday with a game on the home grounds with Hillsdale.

Mrs. F. F. French of East Tawas, a delegate to the Michigan State Federation of Clubs at Ann Arbor, is the guest of Mrs. Guy Davis.

Mrs. Dr. Pratt left Tuesday for Mason, her future home. Miss Ruby will remain in the city and continue her work at the Conservatory.

Miss Estelle Denton entertained 14 members of the M. T. R. at a 7 o'clock dinner last evening. The evening was spent in dancing and card playing.

Mrs. Edward Ryan of Cross street is entertaining her sister, Miss Gertrude Conway of Detroit, and her cousin, Miss Winifred Conway of Cleveland.

Mrs. Will Foster, of Lansing, nee Miss Carrie M. Havens, formerly seventh grade teacher in the seminary, is the guest of Mrs. Anna Chalmers Alexander.

The Eureka club that was recently organized by 36 young people, will meet Friday evening at the home of Miss Florence Batchelder of Washington street.

Mr. Clark and Miss Welsh, of Perrin street, were married Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's mother, Rev. C. T. Allen performing the ceremony.

Miss Alice Robson, instructor in German at the Normal, who was recently called to Chicago by the death of her father, will not resume her work until after the Christmas vacation.

St. Luke's Choir Chapter will give an entertainment consisting of a doll and candy and fancy articles sale on December 13 and 14. A turkey supper will be given each evening.

John Russell was brought before Justice Childs Monday on the charge of stealing a harness belonging to John Pfeifle of Superior, and his hearing was set for Tuesday, Nov. 12.

Alderman Stevens was out last week holding Masonic schools of instruction for Grand Lecturer Lou B. Winsor, of Reed City. Mr. Stevens will be out most of this week in the same work.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church meets in the church parlor Friday, Nov. 1, at 3 o'clock. The ladies of the church and congregation are earnestly urged to be present.

If you want to know how you can purify politics, with a key to all reforms and make possible the golden rule in business and government, have a friendly interview or visit with a New Era manager.

Prof. Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago, delivered a very interesting and instructive address at the Baptist church Sunday morning, his subject being "The Christian Scholar in an Age of Transition."

The New Era association is not merely offering something of individual benefit by way of protection for the loved ones, but also that which makes for true ethics in society. It will repay any one to investigate it closely.

The Rev. W. S. Jerome of Northville conducted the worship of the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning. A large congregation enjoyed his most excellent sermon. The singing was of a high order and very helpful. YPSI

Ypsilanti has been spared the expense of paying heavy sidewalk damages by the verdict in the circuit court. This should not, however, cause any relaxation of vigilance in so keeping the sidewalks in repair that these suits would be impossible.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowinsbury, of 513 N. Washington street, died at her home, Friday, Oct. 25, aged 78 years. She was the widow of the late Hiram P. Lowinsbury and leaves four children to mourn her loss. The funeral was held Sunday at Mooreville.

One of the most pleasant college functions of the year was the reception given at the gymnasium Friday evening to the Arm of Honor fraternity treated to an application of corn meal or similar preparations, and the evening was devoted to dancing.

Jacob Leasure, of Stony Creek, has been taken to Ann Arbor for hospital treatment. He has acted somewhat strangely of late and recently made a violent attack on a member of his family, threatening to kill her with a butcher knife. He has been an industrious citizen and it is hoped that medical treatment may restore him to his family.

The recently elected officers of the colored Masonic Grand Lodge were installed Tuesday night with much eclat. The initiation was followed by a banquet, at which an excellent menu was discussed and numerous clever speeches made.

An old people's service will be held Sunday morning at the Methodist church. If there are any persons who are too old to walk to the church carriages will be sent for them if they will leave their names at Beall & Comstock's store or with Dr. Allen.

The "hurry-up" wagon of the fire department responded to a call from Officer Ryan Friday afternoon, and conveyed to the lockup a drunken cripple, who had been indulging in the pastime of alternately begging and with the resulting filthy lucre investing in whisky.

The Big Seven club have organized a dancing club which will give a series of ten dances at Light Guard hall, the first to occur Friday evening, Nov. 1. The officers of the club are as follows: President, Edward Lawrence; vice-president, Lew Wallace; secretary, Charles Guerin; treasurer, Milton Homer.

A quiet but very pretty fall wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moore, of Ypsilanti town, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, at 7 o'clock. It was the marriage of their youngest daughter, Sarah C., to Andrew R. Gardner, of Superior township, the Rev. J. B. Oliver, of Dentons, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner left on the late train for the Pan-American. On their return they will make their home in Superior township.

The Livingston County club report a very pleasant time at their meeting held Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Normal street. The evening was spent in playing progressive pedro, after which light refreshments were served. There were 50 present and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Persis Daniels; vice president, Miss Emma Elliott; secretary-treasurer, Ed. Nutting, of Ann Arbor.

The ladies' night meeting at the Ypsilanti Whist club Friday evening was well attended. Six tables were in play. The trophy pins were won by Mrs. Trim and Mrs. Childs, east and west, plus 7, and Mr. and Mrs. Harding, north and south, plus 6. The other plus scores were as follows: East and west, Miss Davis and George Walterhouse, plus 2; Mr. and Mrs. Key, plus 2; north and south, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, plus 2, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews plus 2.

The address of the Hon. W. D. Harriman, of Ann Arbor, in the Presbyterian church Monday evening was delightful, and profitable. "Oxford and Its Colleges" will have a new meaning for those who heard him. We have had many a lecture in the Normal course here which did not begin to measure up to this entertaining account of one of England's great university towns and its colleges. It is hoped that the ladies of the Presbyterian church will soon secure Judge Harriman again.

Mrs. Payson Mayhew of southern California is visiting her brother, B. C. Page. Mrs. Mayhew is on her way home from a two weeks' stay at the Pan-American, during which she was entertained by the proprietors of one of the large magazines of the country for having won in their guessing contest over the number of persons who would attend the Pan-American on the opening day. Her traveling expenses from her home in California to Buffalo and return were paid, and her stay at the exhibition did not cost her a dollar.

Maj. Blanche B. Cox, the chief divisional officer of the Salvation Army in Indiana and Michigan, will speak in the Salvation Army hall, 209 Congress street, on Wednesday, Oct. 30. The major is a salvationist of many years' standing, having been an officer in a few different countries throughout the world, and will speak to us of her experiences in India where she was an officer for some years. The major will be assisted by her general secretary adjutant, Edith Yoder, whose sweet singing in the past has been a blessing to many souls.



Makes Hot Breads Whole-some
Makes delicious hot biscuit, griddle cakes, rolls, and muffins.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK.

Two colored men named White and Kersey became involved in a fist argument Monday night, and were taken in charge by the officers. The contestants were very much in earnest, and each said he would give a dollar if the officers would permit them to finish the battle.

The general sale of tickets to the Normal lecture and music course will begin Saturday morning, Nov. 2, at 9 o'clock, at Roger's drug store. Season tickets, with choice of seats and reserved seat for the entire course, \$2.50. The course, consisting of eight first-class entertainments, compares very favorably with any course offered in recent years.

The Choral Union course dates are as follows: Nov. 4, Thomas orchestra; Dec. 13, Jean Gerardy, cellist; Jan. 24, Harold Bauer, pianist; open date, W. Mittelschulte, organist; March 20, Plunkett Greene, baritone. Tickets for the ten concerts, including the May Festival, are \$3; for the festival alone, the same price. Seats for the festival at \$1 and \$2 extra will be reserved Jan. 25. As tickets for the festival are as much as those for the entire ten concerts, it will pay to secure now. The festival will be devoted to grand opera and some of the greatest opera singers will appear. Tickets are now on sale at C. W. Rogers' bookstore.

The third annual ball of the employees of the D. Y., A. A. & J. railway, held under the auspices of Division No. 111, A. A. S. R. E. of A., will occur in Light Infantry Armory at Ann Arbor on Thursday evening, Nov. 14, 1901. Music will be furnished by the Great Western orchestra consisting of twelve pieces. Special cars will leave for Detroit, Saline and Chelsea at 2:30 a. m.

The social held last night under the auspices of the A. O. U. W. and Degree of Honor was well attended, there being about 60 present, and a good time was had. Cards and music were indulged in till 11:30. On the next regular Nov. 13, there will be initiation and a good attendance is requested. Light refreshments will be served.

You say there is no difference as they all assess, referring to fraternal and mutual insurance companies. This is but a half truth as one fails and the other does not, as a rule. If you do not agree with this statement the New Era manager is willing to compare notes with you in the presence of 12 or more good business men, so speak out and let the public have the evidence as they are entitled to. Further, they say nine out of ten of the old line companies have failed.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Spargus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

When Mr. Noah

came out of the Ark on that damp wet morning he must have found the walking bad, on account of the recent heavy showers. Now had Mr. Noah provided Mrs. Noah, Shem, Ham and Japhet, with a pair of : : : :

Kings' Wear Forever

in Dongola or Box Calf a pair of : : : :

Rubber Boots, Sandals and Storm Rubbers.

he would have shown some forethought. As it was the whole family came down with the croup. Had he steered the Ark to : : : :

King's Shoe Store

and supplied them with some of our WET WEATHER FOOTWEAR he would have avoided much trouble. It is the duty of every HEAD of a HOUSEHOLD to see that his family are well shod. Come right now, sir, and be ready for the stormy weather, that always comes at this season of the year. Try a pair of our Famous Keith Konquerers [for men and women] at \$3.50, equal to any \$5.00 shoe in the market today. We have them in Box Calf, Velours Calf, Vici Kid and Patent Leather. Have a look at our King's Quality at \$2.00 and \$2.50; better than you can get elsewhere at \$3.00 and \$3.50. Also full lines in the well known King's Wear For Ever for Misses, Boys, youths and children. Many other good lines to show you at prices lower than the lowest you must know that buying as we do for our six large EXCLUSIVE Shoe Stores we are able to give you prices that would be impossible for you to expect from any of the small dealers. Ask for a phonograph top with every pair of Boy's Shoes.

Remember "WE POSITIVELY WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD"

King's Chicago Shoe Store,

107-109 Congress St., Ypsilanti, 'Phone 352

BRANCH STORE:
KING'S CHICAGO SHOE STORE,
124 South Main Street, Ann Arbor.

GREAT Anniversary Sale

Our Anniversary Sale is proving a decided success. Customers are buying very liberally.

"Right Goods at Right Prices"

is the explanation of the success of this sale. The public know that they are sure of finding our goods as advertised.

NO Exaggeration Misrepresenting

Remember our Anniversary Sale with Special Low Prices continues until SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 2.

EVERY CUSTOMER gets the benefit of the SALE PRICES. See our south window for the handsome articles to be presented to the customers making the largest purchases during this sale.

BEALL, COMSTOCK & CO.

NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

IMPRESSION OF A RURAL MAIL ROUTE

AN EXPERIENCED NEWSPAPER
MAKES THE TRIP

The Service is Appreciated and People
Can't Get Along Without it

The Detroit Tribune recently sent a staff correspondent around Ypsilanti rural delivery route No. 1, with Carrier Lawrence Bullard.

The correspondent's impressions of the 25-mile trip were as follows:

I have had an opportunity to make the round through 25 miles of zigzag country road with a rural mail carrier, an experience which has possibly never before been enjoyed by a newspaper man, and the striking novelty of the route with its new type of rural roundsman is one that affords a wealth of color and incident.

I was fortunate in the selection of my route, as Carrier Lawrence M. Bullard, a well-known character in Ypsilanti township and the first carrier on route No. 1, Ypsilanti, proved to be a man of fertile resource and varied information.

Carrier Bullard became a country postman after long experience in Ypsilanti politics and in business life in Detroit. He is a veteran of the civil war. While he has lost his youth he has gained a numberless host of friends, and there would be mourning along route No. 1 if Bullard and his cart failed to leave into view at the usual hour.

I was advised to go to the Ypsilanti postoffice before 9 o'clock in the morning in order to catch the rural postmen before they flung their 40 pounds of mail into their carts and beat along the Huron river in o'clock the open country in their several directions. Postmaster H. D. Wells with his force were busy sorting mail and the three rural men were found swapping experiences in their waiting room. Two were young men looking forward to a raise in salary, when they, too, could keep three horses; the third was my guide for the day.

PAY IS \$500 A YEAR.

Carrier Bullard is a small, active man, with iron gray mustache and furrowed features. His sharp blue eyes have seen through many a deal which netted him the income on which he lives, for the truth is the carriers get only \$500 a year and must keep two horses. He arranged his great sackful of mail, threw it in behind the seat of his gig and drove off enthusiastically, hopeful and full of good nature.

One carrier went north, another west, while we followed the Huron river south for several miles. The routes are circular, and no foot of the way is traveled twice in the day.

The golden beauty of autumn lay over the road, and few people were within doors. Postman Bullard rubbed his hands in anticipation; he would be greeted by every man, woman and child, and his leathern bag was bursting. A long line of splendid farms followed the Huron river road as far as the eye could see, beginning at the corporation limits. Here was the first mail box leaning expectantly from its post. Bullard's wise black horse spurred in, and the carrier made haste to catch the box on the fly.

"She never stops, the old girl knows every turn," said the postman, reaching out to open the box, chuck in the mail and close the box again. A call from the nearby house brought the mare to a stop.

A DEAL IN STAMPS.

"Good morning, Aunt Seaver," said Bullard to an old lady in a poke bonnet; "how's the baby?"

After imparting the information Aunt Seaver wanted some stamps, and the handy postman doled out a quarter's worth. Mrs. Mary Chickens was visiting the new baby. She wanted her mail there. "There was none? Oh, pshaw!"

"Now, how do you like the rural route?" asked Bullard, bringing Aunt Seaver and Mrs. Chickens out deftly between comment on the weather.

"Why, it's just this way," said Aunt Seaver, who Mr. Bullard says is the wife of Hiram Bullard, the good man of the farm whose absence, at the gate at this time was deplored, and commented on as not usual. "I don't know what we'd do without it. I really don't know how we'd live if they'd take it away."

VARIETY OR MAIL BOXES.

"The inspector—Campbell is his name—has not ordered any special kind of box exceptin' that it is rain-proof, which means they are not. They'll have to get them, though. Now look at that box, not long enough for a paper, and too deep for ordinary diving. When it rains it is easier, as the letters float. They have some large enough to raise a calf in and there would be nothing left in it there would be nothing left of box. Some are home-made and tinned, and the mare runs on so that I get cut on the edges.

"The soap boxes are disappearing, though, and the revolving tin boxes are coming in—now there's that flag hanging out without any mail in the box. Some people are careless, though I can't complain. The farmers are good to me. Carry parcels? Sure, if they ask me. But they don't impose on me. They know I wouldn't take money for it. The farmers are peculiar in that way. They are accustomed to doing little favors like that for each other, and know nothing of delivery systems. A farmer would faint if you asked him five cents for taking 10 pounds of sugar 10 miles from town for him.

"Now, I'm not complaining. You see, they give me little things. Last Christmas I got about \$25 worth of provisions and other presents from the farmers along my route. Last year I got about \$50 worth altogether. Now, how could I charge anything for carrying an odd parcel for such good-hearted people as that? Besides, they are considerate and seldom ask me."

"About giving rides? Oh, yes, I give anyone a lift. Don't catch me starting out with only one seat. People want to come from town with me. I never refuse, nor do I charge anything.

PESSIMISTIC STRAIN.

"They leave money for stamps and everything. I wish to darnation they would put stamps on their letters. It worries me to take off my gloves in cold weather and pick up pennies from the corners of boxes."

The carrier fell into a momentary pessimistic strain of thought as he struck a long uninhabited stretch of road. One could imagine the winter wind shrieking through the great oaks.

"This road is abominable in winter. There have been pretty tough times with me and the old mare. The cold wind, the heavy clay roads of fall are nothing to that road in winter. For two days winter before last I was stalled on that road and the people simply didn't get their mail. It's pretty tough in bad weather and I don't mind telling you it's pretty monotonous at times, the same road every day for two years. When it rains I take my top buggy. Some of the carriers complain about the sloppy weather, but I don't kick much.

"It's duced hard on a horse. Why, no horse would stand it every day. I have to keep two horses and give them day about on the road. And the government gives me \$500 for the work. I start out at 8 o'clock in the morning to sort my mail and don't get back from my round until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then it takes me an hour to groom my horse and fix my cart. It costs me \$15 a month to feed my horse and \$3 a month for blacksmithing.

NO SIDE ISSUES.

"I make things meet by turning a deal now and again buying horses and buggies to sell again. I have to give a \$1,000 bond and my substitute gives \$500. I heard that some carriers in another state were selling things on the side, but that it is not done here. We sell nothing and make absolutely no money that way. The express companies tried to get us to act as agents for them here, but our inspector called them off."

"The road is angular and not the best. The township has spent money fixing up the roads, however, since the rural delivery came in. It is a factor in the making of good roads. Inspector Campbell of this district says we are carrying the mail at a cost of 3 cents a piece and I carried about 8,000 pieces last month.

"Weston Bros. live there," said the mail man pointing to a house, "and a fine farm they have. They work the Hammond Simmick farm lower down, I believe. Hammond farm lower down, you know, sunk thousands of dollars there, built barns enough to hold Noah's stock during the flood. Back there near the corporate limits of Ypsilanti is S. O. Arnold's box. He lives right next to town, but gets his

mail just the same every day from me. His nearest neighbor inside the limits has to travel a mile for it. Henry P. Latfin lives right here—see his name on the box. They haven't all got their autographs on their boxes, while some have fine names for their farm like Huron Valley farm. Latfin takes a daily paper.

THE DOUTE'S BIRTHDAY.

"By jinks, I forgot to tell you today is the second anniversary of the commencement of this route. I remember talking a while to Austin here on my first trip. I'll call him over. Austin lives on the right hand and his father-in-law on the other side. A better farm can't be seen out of doors."

"Alonzo! Heigho-ho! Alonzo!" called the carrier as he flagged Farmer Austin, who was following a seed drill across a beautifully cultivated field. Alonzo came and got his foot up on Bullard's hub.

"Now, Alonzo, if you don't like this rural delivery business say so," said Bullard encouragingly.

"The rural delivery is all right, but the carrier should be removed," was Alonzo's unexpected reply. Bullard wanted to talk about the crops and was further discomfited to hear Austin continue:

"I says to my wife, says I, when you come here first. Says I: 'Mrs. Austin, we ain't er going to like this new fellow that carries the mail. He's a crank. He's a man I ain't going to like.'"

Bullard's countenance fell.

"But I reckon I've changed my mind. He's the best fellow in the world and most obliging. The rural delivery is the best thing I've heard of for a long time. Father would not get along without his daily paper now, and I like to glance over it at noon and read every word of it at night. It's as good as a trip to town."

FARM SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Dog gone it. I didn't think he was going to give me a bad name, and he didn't," said the carrier, who recovered his composure and in fact was somewhat elated. "Why, he gave a present not long ago—some vegetables."

"An old lady who is a widow lives here," continued the carrier as his horse turned in at a cottage nestling under a glorious canopy of maples in autumn foliage. Mrs. Bertha Bunaback; her husband died several years ago and she is making a success of farming on her own resources. There was a big mortgage on the place but she has paid it all off.

GREAT READERS, THESE.

The black mare darted suddenly into an open gateway as if looking for an escaped mail box. She drew up at a pump in the yard of the Beamis Bros. farm and the box was on a post beside the pump. The Beamis brothers were threshing beans. An American flag hung from the box instead of the usual signal rag.

"We take 16 papers," said Orrin J. Beamis, as he smudged the threshing dust on his face with his sleeve. "We wouldn't do without the daily post for a round sum annually."

"I water the mare there every day," explained Bullard. "For that reason the box is inside."

At the corner of the cross roads the carrier came to a school house with a collection of mail boxes. The road here took a turn southwest, this point behind six miles from Ypsilanti, the most distant point on the route which describes a great semi-circle and lies wholly in the township of Ypsilanti. The settlement here was one of Quakers and prosperity seemed to be located there root and branch.

A LITTLE COMBINE.

"Four families get their mail here, Mrs. Rhoda Derbyshire, R. E. Gorton, John Groves and Rev. W. B. Brown. They come from down the cross roads for about half a mile, some of them to save me going up and back. Gorton was our road commissioner. I think most of the people around here are Quakers and they all take a daily paper. When this rural delivery was started there were only two daily papers taken among the hundred families. Now there are 115. There is food for thought."

"That fine brick house under the maples is the Alban home. The Alban is a high influential farmers. That is G. H. Alban and his brother working by the roadside," said Carrier Bullard as he drew up to talk to the busy farmers. At the same moment a man drove up with a jag of corn on a cart. He was dressed in a blue smock and trousers. It was Rev. W. B. Brown, the Quaker minister. His little white church stood on the corner.

"Is that you, Mr. Alban? Come here till I see you," called Bullard as he fumbled for the Alban mail.

"I reckon you're not mistaken, though I'm not much to see," said Farmer Alban, as he scraped his boots on his spade.

WILLING TO BE TAXED.

"The rural delivery, he! A splendid thing. It makes farm life attractive. You city folks can't grow now. I suppose you'll be wanting to put a tax on us because we have something good. I'm willing. I take two daily papers, and I wouldn't like to be without them. I think we have everything now—telephone and daily mail. I can read the market reports in the paper and no wandering buyer can fool me now with old reports. With the telephone in my house I can sell my produce after consulting the report fresh from the city. I sold a load of grain the other day, and I got the very best price for it. No, sir, you can't take the daily delivery from us now."

"Here's Frank Stockdale's2 big crop farm," continued Bullard, turning

west. "He takes a lot of newspapers, two dailies and several bi-weeklies. There is Mrs. M. L. Smith. She is looking expectantly for her mail. They have a neat home there. All good, prosperous people on my route, own their own farms, you know. This is the Tuttle hill. E. W. McGrady lives back on the other road, but comes to the corner for his mail. Wish he was around today—fine fellow, and progressive. This is J. W. Tuttle's house, near the Tuttle school. Children ever bother me? Bless me, no, never any trouble."

LEFT NO DIRECTIONS.

"Mrs. J. K. Tuttle and W. H. Bouttell have the next farms, and they are good ones. Why, here is some money. Seventy-five cents, and nothing to say what for," said the carrier as he fished up a roll of paper inclosing something hard. Three 25-cent pieces fell out.

On the east Monroe road the carrier comes to the Draper corner. C. D. Campbell, Albert Day and Wallace Draper, all boxes on these corners. Ruth Draper, with 12 years' growth of sunny curls, tripped out to meet him, full of expectancy. The postman means much to her and she has quite a bunch of mail, her very, very own.

"Dan O'Brien's place here is just half a mile from Willis postoffice. He used to get his mail there," said the carrier. "He is the only one who has changed from another office to the route. F. W. Horner, on the other side of the road, is a prominent cattle buyer and takes many daily stock journals. Robert K. Simons, his neighbor, has a box. He says he takes a daily paper to keep up the system."

The carrier got out to stretch himself at the Centennial school, and to make inquiry of the teacher. Her box was perched open on the gate post. A letter, yes, for Miss Mabel Cross, but as there were two Mabel Crosses in the township, and both were teachers, the pretty Miss Cross of the Centennial school looked somewhat cross over the matter.

"Herbert Harris's mail box is next," continued the driver. "He is a colored man and an excellent farmer; here are his two dailies."

GRAVES WAS CAUTIOUS.

"His neighbor is B. D. Kelly, the largest stock raiser in these diggings, and he has the largest mail on my route."

Mrs. Kelly wanted to buy some envelopes, but the carrier wasn't in the business. She said the women folks wouldn't do without the daily delivery for anything.

Fred A. Graves came driving down the road with a load of milk cans direct from Ypsilanti. Mr. Graves was born and has lived 70 years on his farm. Mr. Graves is a very cautious man and was slow to admit that there was anything good under the sun.

"This rural delivery is a good thing for them who like it," he admitted.

J. D. Everett, George Crane and M. A. Merritt, all prominent farmers, were doled out their portions from the sack which was rapidly dwindling. At the Lowden school the children sighted the carrier and met him in a throng. The mail for the teacher, Miss Fannie Chatterton, was delivered there, though the little red box was seldom needed. Ex-Rep. James L. Lowden, who, the carrier said, was at first opposed to the system, announced himself as being an enthusiast.

WAS FEEDING TIME.

Carrier Bullard drew up at the house of Newton E. Crittenden, the staunchest advocate of the delivery in the township. The carrier secured fresh milk at the farm house and ate his lunch while the horse munched at Mr. Crittenden's oats.

"Crittenden thinks our salary should be raised," continued the carrier, as he whipped his horse up again. "He tried to have a route established west of here, but some of the farmers are slow to appreciate a good thing."

"L. L. Clement, who lives on the hill here, takes the second largest amount of mail. He says he wouldn't take \$25 a year and do without it, although he lives only three miles from town. See the old man tottering to the gate? That is Grandfather Chicken. He is over 90, but he hobbles to the gate, rain or shine."

The old man's face was lit up with a fixed smile as he leaned over the gate with his palsied hand extended as it has been every day for two years at the postman's hour.

"Are you well?" said the old man in reply to every question.

"I never use the box; the old man's hand is always extended," said Bullard feelingly. "And when the weather is too wild I can see the old man peering in at the windows with his still extended hand. I carry him the mail."

"Now, there is the Mowry's, the Uhls, the Regoles and the Elliott's and I am done," said the roundsman of the country roads as Ypsilanti was coming into view. "It is 3 o'clock. The last man gets his mail at that hour, while the first not half a mile away got his at 9 a. m. Now, don't you think Uncle Sam should pay us more for the 25-mile run?"

His listener assented.

TOT CAUSES NIGHT ALARM.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with Croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider, of Crittenden, Ky. "It seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from Croup and Whooping Cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's.

Corn Whisky.

About 75 per cent of the whisky distilled in this country is made from corn.

Machine Made Horseshoes.

The machine made horseshoe was patented by Henry Burden of Troy, N. Y., in 1835. Other horseshoe patents were issued to him in 1843, 1857 and 1862.

Beet Root.

Beet root is very cooling and highly nutritious owing to the amount of sugar it contains.

Snow and Sound.

It is an extraordinary fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.

Date of the Flood.

From the date of the creation to that of the flood the Hebrew version calculates 1,656 years, the Septuagint 2,262, the difference being 606 years.

England's Beer Tax.

England has had a beer tax ever since the twelfth century.

Yuruk Rugs.

Yuruk rugs are so called from a band of nomads who dwell among the mountains of Anatolia. They have large flocks of fine sheep and weave rugs of firm, even texture. The colors are very good, the field often of dark brown, ornamented with large designs.

STEPPED INTO LIVE COALS.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads of Jonesville, Va., which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Bruises and Piles. Sold by C. W. Rogers & Co. and Morford & Smith, 25c.

A Sad Inheritance.

A little girl out in Oregon when seven years old was stricken down with rheumatism, and the local doctor said it was hereditary, as the other members of the family had it. She suffered from it for five years, until a friend who had been cured of the disease by Ath-lo-pho-ros recommended this remedy to her. The doctors had tried five years to cure her, but Ath-lo-pho-ros did it with only two bottles. These inherited cases are the hardest to cure, but Ath-lo-pho-ros will do it, no matter what the cause or the conditions.

Ath-lo-pho-ros

Cures All Kinds of
RHEUMATISM

Sold by Druggists. Booklet Sent Free.
THE ATHLOPHOROS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Bending.

In bending, whether at a desk, a dishpan or a dinner table, bend from the waist, not from the shoulders and avoid the fatigue and injury that come from a misuse of muscles.

Theatrical Nomenclature.

Almost every name applying to the theater and its use is taken from the French.

Vegetables.

Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritious, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattening for nervous people.

The Sentinel-Commercial is the best weekly paper published in the county.

We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, caused by not taking Rocky Mountain Tea made by Madison Medicine Co. 35c. Ask your druggist, Morford & Smith.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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ARE YOU A PRISONER?

THOUSANDS of men are prisoners of disease as securely as though they were confined behind the bars. Many have forged their own chains by the vices of early youth, exposure to contagious disease, or the excesses of manhood. They feel they are not the men they ought to be or used to be. The vim, vigor, and vitality of manhood are lacking. Are you nervous and despondent? Tired in the morning? Have you to force yourself through the day's work? Have you little ambition and energy? Are you irritable and excitable? Eyes sunken, depressed and haggard looking? Memory poor and brain fagged? Have you weak back with dreams and losses at night? deposit in urine? weak sexually?—you have

Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness.

Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to Cure or No Pay. 25 years in Detroit. Bank Security. Beware of quacks—Consult old established, reliable physicians. Consultation Free. Booklets Free. Write for Question Book for Free Treatment.

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"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

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BOTTLED GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
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is put there for a purpose. Every stitch has a thought behind it. There are many stitches on Wooltex garments that a careless maker wouldn't put there. That's the reason why Wooltex garments are the leading ready-to-wear garments for women sold to-day.

Sold by leading dealers. Ask to see them. If your dealer can't supply you, send to us for Wooltex Fashion Faultless.

H. BLACK & CO., Cleveland, O.

The Tale Of a Coat

A Story of Valley Forge.
By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.
Copyright, 1960, by Joseph A. Altsheiler.

THE raw cold of the night crept into my bones, and the snow blew in my face, a flake now and then entering my eyes and blinding me for the moment. The wind moaned among the scrubby trees, and its edge was like the edge of a knife. I shivered, and I was fain to confess to myself that I could not see the glory in all this. That of which I had dreamed—leading the men in a fiery, victorious charge, with praise and promotion afterward—was a fine thing, but this lonely sentry go in the cold and the darkness was quite different. I laughed at myself for having imagined such folly.

We of the Georgia colony like warm weather. I would have you to know. Down there the sun shines nearly all ways, and it is only up in the hills that the snow comes. We don't have to pile heavy clothing on us and huddle over great, blazing fires when we are at home to keep the blood in our veins from freezing, but we enjoy God's free air without a shiver. Now I had come north to help these ragged old Continentals and George Washington—God bless him—to win our freedom, and here I was, the second night after my arrival, put on sentry duty in this God forsaken, gloomy place of Valley Forge.

What a cold place Pennsylvania is! I don't wonder that the Quakers eat and drink so much. They do it to get fat, and they want the fat to keep the cold out of their bones. I stopped and shivered again harder than ever, and I shifted my hand along my musket barrel for the hundredth time that my bare fingers might not freeze to the metal of the weapon. I looked back at the wooden huts which made up our camp, and all but a few were hidden from my sight by the thick night and the whirling snow. A poor sort of home, I said to myself, but I would be willing to exchange my share of tonight's glory for a place under one of those roofs.

Then I looked toward Philadelphia, and when I thought of the British army lying there in the big city so snug and happy my soul turned green with envy. Why could we not have such a merry time too? A man of



"WHO GOES THERE?"

twenty-one does not have to be miserable to be a good patriot. I felt that I could shout just as well for the thirteen colonies if I were enjoying myself. Then I shifted my hands along the muzzle of my musket barrel again. While I was thinking my fingers had begun to stick to the metal. Oh, for only an hour of that glorious Georgia sunshine!

I heard the crunch of footsteps on the snow, and instantly I cocked my piece. The footsteps approached, and a large man appeared before me. He was in truth a big fellow, his hat brim all bent down over his eyes by the weight of snow and his figure wrapped in a great, thick, black coat that hung to his ankles.

I presented my musket and cried through my chattering teeth—chattering with cold, not fear—"Who goes there?" But the man came on and gave the countersign—"Patrick Henry"—and I put my weapon back on my shoulder.

I knew his kind at once. He was one of these sleek, overfed Quakers living in Philadelphia who sympathized with us, but instead of coming out and fighting for the cause like men contented themselves with sending us a little money now and then or with sneaking into camp once or twice and telling us to fight like brave boys. Still I was so lonesome that I was glad to see even a Quaker.

"You look cold," he said to me.

Now, that made me mad. When you are freezing to death and your teeth chatter together so hard and fast that it sounds like pistol fire, it doesn't help your temper for a man to come along and speak of your looking cold.

"Oh, no!" I said. "I'm not cold at all. I'm snapping my teeth together because it's merely a way I have of amusing myself when I'm lonesome."

"I hope that the effort is successful," the man said, with a smile. "May I ask your name?"

"Oh, yes," I answered as I lifted a big claf of snow from under my collar, "you may ask it, and, while it isn't any business of yours, I'll tell you nevertheless! It's John Hunter."

"A Connecticut man?" he said.

I dropped the stock of my rifle in the snow and looked at him. I was growing angry.

"Look you, Mr. Quaker," I said, "I

don't like your wit at all. You may think that it has an edge to it, but I don't. Why, see how cold it is here, and I've heard that it's still colder up there in New England. Do you think that a sensible man would consent to be born in a country where there's nothing but ice and snow?"

"Then perhaps you are from one of the southern colonies?"

"There is no perhaps about it," I said, putting my gun back on my shoulder. "I'm from the noble old colony of Georgia. God bless her! She's worth all the others put together. You see this snow, Mr. Quaker, and here's a wind that cuts through a man like a sword. Well, it's as warm as wool in Georgia right now, and tomorrow the sunshine will be so bright that everything there will glitter like gold."

"Why didn't you stay in Georgia?" he asked.

I brought my gunstock down in the snow again. I was beginning to get angry a second time.

"Why didn't I stay in Georgia?" I said. "It's only one of you Philadelphia Quakers who would ask a question like that. But if you really want to know, Mr. Quaker, it's because a message came to me way down there in Georgia, and it said: 'John Hunter, the thirteen colonies need you in this war against Great Britain. They can't get along without you.' Besides, I wanted to help George."

"What George?"

"What George?" I exclaimed, and I spoke pretty loud. "You must be a mighty thick headed man, Mr. Quaker, to ask me a question like that. There's only one George, and it isn't George of Great Britain, confound him! It's our George—George Washington!"

"Oh," said the man, and he shrugged his shoulders a little. "I suppose George Washington is trying to do his duty, but perhaps his is not as hard as yours just now. Even a Pennsylvanian or a New Englander would admit that the night is cold, and I notice that you have no cloak or greatcoat."

"What of that?" I answered. "There are thousands of Continental soldiers who have no more than I."

"And your shoes have great holes in them."

I laughed.

"Some of the boys have no shoes at all," I said.

"A sentinel clad as you are and from a warm country might well be excused for deserting his post on such a night as this," he said.

"Be careful, Mr. Quaker," I answered. "If you talk much more like that, you'll get a bullet from my musket."

"But in freezing weather," he persisted, "they ought to put on guard the northern troops, who are inured to the cold, and not the men who are just arrived from the far and warm south."

"Mr. Quaker," I said, and I felt sarcastic, "you are the very man to teach George his business. Hurry to him—he's in one of those cabins over there—and tell upon the instant how to save the thirteen colonies."

"But it is wrong that you should have to watch here in such freezing weather," he said, sticking to his point.

"It is cold," I said, "but I've joined the army, and I'm going to do my share. If I don't walk my beat until my relief comes, it will be because my gun has frozen to me and I've frozen to the ground."

He started on, and he passed so close to me that a fold of his greatcoat, blown by the wind, brushed against my hand. The touch felt warm, and a sudden envy flamed in me.

"Come back, Mr. Quaker!" I called.

He turned at my command and asked what I wished.

"That is a fine greatcoat you are wearing," I said.

"I do not complain of it," he replied. "I put my hands upon the garment."

"It is thick and warm," I said. "It was made in Philadelphia, wasn't it?"

"I think so," he answered.

"I should like to try it on," I said.

I have heard that, while these Quakers are very shrewd in affairs of money and religion, they are quite simple minded in some other matters. Yet I was surprised when he pulled off the coat and handed it to me. He was ar-



I PUT THE COAT ON.

rayed now in sober garments, which I could not see clearly owing to the darkness.

I put the coat on and found it wondrous snug and warm. He was a larger man than I, and the hem of it touched the snow, but that was a trifle, and I affected not to notice it.

"It is a fine fit," I said.

"Isn't it a little large for you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. The finest tailor in Philadelphia could not have fit me better," I said briskly, and I took several steps on my beat.

"You have tried it on; now give it back to me," he said. "Time presses, and I must hurry."

I gave a sigh of content.

"It was most kind of you to lend me

the coat, Mr. Quaker," I said, "and I will give it back to you in the morning, as I promised."

"Give me back my coat," he repeated. "I may not linger."

"I don't see why," I said. "They can get along without you in Philadelphia for an hour or two, and, besides, I want time to thank you for your most generous action. It is, in truth, a most noble coat, and by the loan of it you perhaps save me from freezing to death."

He paused and looked thoughtful. Then he repeated his request for his coat, but I paid no further attention to him, walking on, my musket on my shoulder and singing softly to myself. I was happy. The statement that the Quakers were simple minded in some things was true. I had proved it. I repeat that it was, in truth, a most glorious coat, turning aside the snowflakes and warming me through and through. The man looked at me a little longer and then disappeared in the darkness. I laughed to myself.

It was a long watch until my relief came, and the night grew even colder,



"WHY DO YOU COME BUNDLED UP IN SUCH A MANNER?"

but I did not suffer. I drew the folds of that generous coat more closely around me, and the warmth flowed through my body.

The next morning, after a good nap, I put the coat on again and looked for the Quaker, but did not see him. Then, with others, I responded to a message from the colonel bidding us prepare for some fresh duty. We found him near the middle of the camp, and when his eyes fell upon me they flashed with anger.

"Hunter," he said, "why do you come bundled up in such a manner?"

"Colonel," I replied apologetically, "the weather is so cold that I concluded to wear my greatcoat."

"Your greatcoat!" he cried. "Where did you get it?"

I became alarmed. A shudder ran through me. Could he know of that little transaction the night before?

"A kind Quaker gentleman gave it to me last night when I was on sentry duty and stiff with cold," I said.

"It's a lie!" he thundered. "That garment is the greatcoat of General Washington himself!"

A shiver of horror ran through me, and my knees began to tremble. Then the commander in chief himself came forward. I knew him at once by the way the others stepped back. But his face was the calmest and kindest that I ever saw.

"It is not a lie," he said in tones as gentle as those of a woman. "I found this soldier just arrived from the far south on watch last night, and he refused to leave his post, though freezing to death. So I gave him my coat that a faithful soldier might be saved for the cause."

The Earliest Lotteries.

Lotteries are generally said to have had their origin in Italy, but in Crowe and Cavalcasse's "Early Flemish Painters" reference is made to a lottery drawn at Bruges on Feb. 24, 1446 (1445 old style). This is the earliest of which the scheme, list of prizes and accounts are known to be in existence. In 1530 a lottery was drawn in Florence, the object being to meet the state expenses. Nine years afterward they were legalized in France by Francis I. and called "blankets." The lotteries instituted at Paris by the Duke de Invernois in 1572 and 1578 were for providing marriage portions for the young women belonging to his estate.

The first lottery known in England was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral in 1593, temp. Elizabeth. The amount was £20,000, which in those days was very considerable. It consisted of 40,000 tickets at 10 shillings each, and the profits of the speculation were to be appropriated to the repair of the harbors of the kingdom. The drawing was a very long affair, being continuous day and night from January 11 to May 6. The prizes were all in plate.

Too Much For Macklin.

Charles Macklin, the noted English actor, was on one occasion boasting of the perfection of his memory, declaring that he had so trained it that he would undertake to recite anything upon once hearing it. Samuel Foote offered him the following sentences as a test, a test to which he proved unequal:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie, and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street pops its head into the shop. 'What! No soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present the pickaninnies and the Joblilies and the Garrynles and the grand panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top, and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

WHAT IS TO BECOME of the SERVANT GIRL?

A chaser of statistics has discovered that less than 10 per cent of the housekeepers of the United States employ hired help in their homes. The other happy 90 per cent do their own housework. The 10 per cent that hires, however, makes fuss enough over the servant girl question for 200 per cent. The servant girl herself on her part thinks she is ill used, the mistress on hers knows she is ill used, and there is no prospect of the two getting together—no, not till the stars fall.

Servant girls in various parts of the country are beginning to form trades unions to protect themselves from what they consider exactions of their employers. A bill of domestic servants' rights formulated by one such organization demands a regular ten hour labor day, with the privilege of seeing visitors on off nights and Sundays, of eating of the food which they cook for the family itself and of not being put on a bread and scrap meat diet; also the privilege of putting their own clothing into the family wash. They say substantially that if a girl's person is neat and wholesome enough for her to cook the family food, hold the children in her arms or wait at table the grounds on which is refused to her the right of putting her garments in the sacred washtub which has held theirs are not apparent. The case is cited in which a neat maid rises very early in order that she may take a bath every day, while it would be stretching charity to say her mistress took one once a week, yet that mistress would fairly faint if the maid's clothes went into the family washing and the girl would be discharged on the spot.

The trades unionism of women houseworkers is too new for one to say



MAN AS A KITCHENMAID.

whether it will "go," although a solemn British man has given it as his opinion that where the idea of such association has thoroughly penetrated the scatter brained feminine intellect and women have once given their names and pledge to abide by a labor organization, "they have been as loyal as men." Kitchen and house girls in Chicago, in Milwaukee and in some other cities have formed more or less successful unions. There is one in Colorado Springs that is more in the nature of a woman's club than of a trades union, where the kitchen girls meet and discuss things in imitation of their mistresses.

These things the houseworkers themselves are doing to ameliorate their condition, which from their standpoint is about as bad as it can be. As for the mistress herself, there is absolutely no amelioration of her woes under the present arrangement. The philosopher who neither hires nor is hired in domestic service is the only one that can make a psychological study of the question and see that it is the system itself that is to blame. The mistresses are right; the maids are right. Are they not all of the same flesh and blood? But our system of housekeeping has been handed down from the dark ages. The only remedy is to abolish the scheme. "Oh, reform it altogether!"

Domestic happiness has not suffered, neither has the home been broken up, because people no longer make soap or candles or men's garments in their homes. Husbands and wives, parents and children, love one another just as much since in cities and towns the laundry work and breadmaking have been put out of the house. The time is coming when "home cooking" in urban localities will be a thing of the past. Co-operative kitchens and caterers will provide meals better and more cheaply than they can possibly be prepared at home. There will be left only the cleaning. There is no reason why trained bedmakers, sweepers, dusters and scrubbers should not come in from outside and do their tasks exactly as the painter and paper hanger do now. The sweepers and dusters could call every day or as often as they were wanted.

In country houses the only way is to get the best and most improved housekeeping appliances and then let women and girls do their own domestic work or get men for kitchen help. Girls simply will not stay with them under present conditions. SUSAN PEPPER.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—Willis.

THE FALL OF THE CHAPERON

Miss Vere de Vere and Her Niece Talk It Over.

"Dear me!" ejaculated old Miss Vere de Vere in horror stricken tones. "I can't imagine what the modern girl is coming to. Why, last night at the Van Allstyne's rosebud dance there were only four married women in the whole affair. Most of the girls came alone, too, in their carriages without even a maid to accompany them. Then I saw Bessie Ashurst actually alone at a matinee the other day. Just fancy it! When I was young, no girl in our set ever dreamed of such a thing. And what's this I hear? Helen Claverling taking dinner last night at a restaurant with Jack Goodfellow! What would her dear mother say if she were alive? This comes from going in for earning her living and boarding in a suit of two rooms with another girl. Such Bohemianism!"

Miss Vere de Vere's thoroughly modern young niece interrupted her with fire in her eye: "I suppose it's Bohemianism that the Claverlings have lost their money and that Helen has to support herself and that she is an orphan and has no money to waste on hiring an old harpy to live with her and persecute her to death under the pretense of making her respectable. I suppose it's Bohemianism for her to want a little fun after a hard day's work at her desk. I suppose it's Bohemianism for her ever to wish to meet a nice man and get married, like other girls. I suppose she ought to give up all hope of the future and sit down alone in her little hall bedroom nights and refuse to see Jack Goodfellow again just because she can't get some old dragon to plant herself in the corner of the room and see that she preserves the proprieties. What nice girl wants to throw them to the winds anyway? And, as for the



TIED TO DEATH.

others who want to do unconventional things, why, they'll do them anyway, chaperon or no chaperon.

"I tell you what," pursued the young lady, who by this time was becoming warmed to her subject, "this chaperon business is pretty well played out. Nowadays the fat, elderly mother of a family has a chance to rest after dinner instead of being dragged out to balls and parties, where she sits half asleep in a corner, forgotten and tired to death. Her daughter can drive to an entertainment and join a group of friends there or else depend upon her hostess to chaperon her, for, thank goodness, chaperonage on this side of the water is merely nominal. It's the spirit of prevention of cruelty to parents which has caused the passing away of the elderly chaperon. As for the young ones—those who can stand the wear and tear—don't talk to me about them! They are the worst frauds on the face of the earth. They take it for granted that the word chaperon covers a multitude of sins. They do nothing but flirt and sit in dark corners, and the only time they pay any attention to us girls is when we are spoiling their fun. For these reasons and many others with each year the chaperon is growing beautifully less. The different lives women are leading demand different conditions from those which governed our mothers. The right sort of a girl without losing a particle of her charm is becoming as wise and prudent as she is good, and the world is finding it out and admiring her for it."

But old Miss Vere de Vere never answered a word. She was too shocked. MAUD ROBINSON.

OYSTER RECIPES

Roast Oysters.—Remove the upper shells. Lay the oysters in a pan and place in a hot oven. Cook until the edges curl. Melt some butter seasoned with salt and pepper, add one or two teaspoonfuls of thick cream or catchup and put a little on each oyster.

Oysters a la Bechamel.—Take thirty-five oysters, one-half a pint of cream, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and salt and pepper to taste. Boil the oysters about two minutes in their own liquor. Drain and chop fine. Put the butter in a porcelain saucepan and when melted add the flour. Stir until smooth, then add the cream. When it boils, add the oysters and half a dozen chopped mushrooms.

MEN AS THEY PASS.

Abner McKinley's resemblance to the late president is so striking that it is a shock to any one who now sees him for the first time.

Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor, has been elected a member of the International Institute of Sociology.

President Roosevelt is a charter member of the American Irish Historical society and was one of the first members of the executive council.

The oldest veteran to march in the parade at the last Grand Army reunion was John A. Reed of Decatur, Ind. He is one hundred and three years old.

Lord Rosebery, it appears, has followed the fashion of the time in writing a novel. He is said to have taken such pains with it as to destroy and re-write the manuscript two or three times.

The business men of Fall River, Mass., are planning to raise a fund for the purchase of a huge loving cup for Matthew C. D. Borden because of his sagacity in averting several disastrous strikes.

Professor E. W. Bemis, who was invited to Cleveland, O., last spring to assist in Mayor Johnson's taxation fight against the railway companies, has been appointed superintendent of the waterworks department of that city.

Pierre Maurier, who died in Genoa the other day at the age of ninety-eight, lived in Elba when Napoleon was sent there and used to carry eggs and fruit to Napoleon's kitchen. Once the exile emperor scolded him for throwing stones at a dog.

John Hollingshead, who is seventy-four years old, is said to be one of the oldest journalists in active harness today, as he was on the staff of Household Words under Dickens and of The Cornhill Magazine under Thackeray when those publications were first started.

The late Lord Morris did not at first make a favorable impression in the house of lords. One conspicuous member is said to have inquired what language the noble and learned lord was speaking. Lord Morris himself was asked how he had got on. "Well," he replied, "I made was mistake. I should have practiced spakin' to a lot of grave-stones before I addressed their lordships."

TURF TOPICS.

Joan, 2:14½, is Joe Patchen's second 2:15 performer.

Axtell, 2:12, gets a new 2:20 performer in Ax. 2:17½.

The new pacer Sam Telmo, 2:24, is by Arion, 2:07¾, out of Hourli, 2:17, by Onward.

The Chicago trainer, Dick McMahon, may train a public stable in the east next season.

A long distance turf scribe calls Onward Silver, 2:08, the "gray ghost of the grand circuit."

Thomas R., 2:15, by Iran Alto, 2:12½, is now the fastest four-year-old trotting gelding of the year.

Will Freeman of Lexington, Ky., recently drove his gelding Black Beauty, by Dark Night, dam by Lumps, in 2:12.

Hontas Crook's mile in 2:08 to wagon at the Chicago matinee is the record for a pacing stallion in a race to wagon.

Effe Powers is truly perennial. She stepped the third heat of a winning race over a half mile track at Baltimore in 2:10.

It is a good year for pacing mares. Witness Edith W., 2:05; Betty G., 2:05½; Daniel, 2:05½; Mazette, 2:06¾, and Matin Bells, 2:06¾.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

Georgia Cayvan is recovering.

Julia Arthur has probably left the stage forever.

"Joan o' the Shoals" is the title of a new play written for Henrietta Crossman.

Olga Nethersole has suffered another relapse and may never be seen on the stage again.

Bernhardt says, "The stage is like a jealous husband and claims one's entire attention."

Hall Caine may come to America next spring to supervise the rehearsals of "The Eternal City."

The well known vaudeville act, "The Girl With the Auburn Hair," was tried in Germany, but met with failure.

Francis Wilson, it is said, holds the record of playing more performances in New York city than any other actor.

Twenty-two of the London playhouses at present are devoted to melodrama and farce, showing the popular taste in that city.

WHITE HOUSE TOTS.

With six children in the White House, the staid old servants of the establishment will get a sure enough taste of the strenuous life.—Portland Oregonian.

There is something pleasant about the news that four little beds have been added to the sleeping accommodations of the White House.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The country can always afford to enlarge the White House to accommodate the family of its presidents and be pleased at the necessity for more room.—Toledo Times.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

If goggles are indispensable to automobile riding, the sport will hardly prove popular with the beauty side of society.—Boston Transcript.

The racing automobile is setting a mark in the casualty column that the college football clubs will hardly surpass.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER ON HIS DAILY TRIP.

He Prescribes a Cure For Mrs. Biggs' Daughter and Hears That Uncle Jim Cummings Intends to Break Up the Government.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

When I got along to Biggs' cross road the other day, I found Mrs. Biggs anxiously awaiting my arrival. I had scarcely driven up when she said:

"Abe, I want you to come in and see Sarah. She's been acting mighty curious for the last two or three days, and I can't make her out."

"I'm representing the postmaster general, the administration, the Amer-



I FOUND SARAH SITTING UP IN A ROCKING CHAIR.

I can eagle and all that," said I, "but I'm no doctor. Have you given her lobelia tea?"

"I have," said the mother.

"And soaked her feet?"

"Yes."

"And fed her on milk toast?"

"Yes. The trouble seems to be with her brain, Abe, and I'm afraid she's losing her mind. Come in and see if she knows you."

I went in and found Sarah sitting up in a rocking chair, with a bed quilt around her. She had pencil and paper, and she was dashing off poetry by the rod. She looked at me in a mournful way and slowly shook her head. I picked up one of the sheets and read:

To kill my love for Henry Jones
My mother must not try,
For sooner than prove false to him
I'll hang myself and die.

"Look here," said I to the mother as I took her out into the kitchen; "you have been trying to separate Sarah and Hank Jones."

"Y-yes," she replied.

"And Sarah's mind is being unbalanced. She may become a raving maniac any minute. Mrs. Biggs, Sarah is 29 years old if she's a day. When an old girl falls in love for the first time, she has it bad. It doesn't take much opposition to her brain up in knots. Do you want a gibbering idiot or a raving lunatic on your hands?"

"Lands o' massy, no!" she whispered as her face grew white.

"Then take down the dinner horn and toot for Hank Jones to come over on the dead run, and you tell them they can get married next week."

"Abe, is that your official advice?"

"You bet it is. Yes, ma'am; I'm speaking from under the wing of the baldheaded eagle of liberty and while representing the bulwarks of freedom and the principles of fraternity. It's an official opinion clear down to the ground, and you get a move on you at once."

She grabbed the horn and went out and blew a blast to lift a calf off his feet, and as I drove away I saw a young farmer in his shirt sleeves coming across a meadow so fast that the grass seemed to be smoking under his feet. I expect to find Sarah fully recovered when I drive along next.

For the last four weeks I've been noticing that Farmer Jim Cummings has been acting sort of offish as he took his mail, but he didn't volunteer any explanations, and I didn't ask for any. The other day, however, he was so surly that I opened out on him with:

"Look here, Uncle Jim; have you got cramps or anything?"

"Cramps!" he growled in reply. "D'y reckon I'm a blamed old fishwoman to have cramps in July?"

"Any trouble in the family?"

"No."

"Wheat, corn and taters coming along all right?"

"Yes."

"Then what's hurt your feelings? Something is wrong. Uncle Jim, this government wants to know what it is."

"Look a-here, Abe," he says after a bit, "am I for this government or ag'in it?"

"You are for it, of course."

"Do you know how clus the vote in this township was last fall?"

"I forget."

"Well, sir, the present administration had just one vote to spare. If it hadn't been for me, the vote would have gone the other way. My hired man had the castin' vote, and I threatened to lick him if he didn't poll as I did. I'm the man who saved the day."

"And you should be rewarded," said I.

"Yes, so I should, but how have I been rewarded? A few weeks ago there was a new school board elected for this district. The cohorts of this government ought to have been on hand to see that I was elected chairman, but not one blamed cohort showed up, and I didn't come within a mile of it. That's what ails me, Abe, if you want to know."

"It was too bad," I said. "I'm one of the cohorts of the government, as you know, and I never even heard that you wanted the office. Can nothing be done now?"

"The government might cohort the feller out and cohort me in," suggested Uncle Jim.

"I'm afraid that can't be done."

"Oh, it can't? Well, I ain't askin' the

government to break its back. Just let things be as they are."

"But you may do something rash."

"You bet I will!" said Uncle Jim as he looked up at me with a grim smile. "Yes, Abe, the galled jade winces, and the iron has struck home. It's too late for the cohorts of the government to show up. I got up this mornin' fully determined to upset these United States and bust this American nation into a cocked hat, and, by gum, I'll do it!"

"Can nothing induce?"

"Nothin' 'tall, Abe, and you might as well save your wind. When the government left me to fight it out alone, I left the government to sink or swim. She's goin' to sink, Abe—goin' down like a cow in a quagmire—and all the tootin' of all the brass bands in the world can't save her. Jest drive on and get ready for the awfullest, biggest calamity this world has ever heard of, and you are my witness that the government is to blame for the hull thing."

Poor Uncle Jim Cummings! He spells cat with a k, but he has saved this country no less than three different times and ought to have been the whole school board ere this. M. QUAD.

AN EASY PROBLEM.

The Old Man Was In No Danger if He Followed Directions.

The druggist had written it on the labels and also cautioned the old negro by word of mouth that the contents of one bottle were for internal use and the other for external use, but he hadn't got a block away before he stopped a pedestrian to ask the difference.

"Why, one is for external and the other for internal use," was the reply.

"But which is it?"

"This is for external. External means outside, you know. You rub it on."

"Yes, sah."

"And the other you swallow."

"Yes, sah, but s'posin I dun git dem bottles mixed up arter I git home?"

"Yes, you may do that. Have you got a wife?"

"Suahly, sah."

"Well, then, let her take the contents of one bottle, and you rub your legs with the other. Understand?"

"I does, sah," said the old man, with a look of admiration. "and I've mighty thankful to yo' 'bout it. Befo' de Lawd, but when dese yere niggers roun' yere purtend to assimilate de conspicuously alongside a white man dey don't come widin a hundred miles of it." M. QUAD.

Knew a Jackass.

"Well, you're a veterinary surgeon—what do you know about a horse?" asked a browbeating attorney.

"I don't pretend to be a horse doctor," replied the witness, "but I know a good deal of the nature of the animal."

"That means to say you know a horse from a jackass when you see them," continued the lawyer in the same style, looking knowing and glancing triumphantly around.

"Oh, yes, just so," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor. "For instance, I should never take you for a horse!"

One Naturally Wonders.

"Well," she said in some astonishment as she looked up from her paper, "woman certainly is invading all lines of business. A girl burglar has just been caught."

"I wonder," he commented thoughtfully, "if the time is coming when timid man will be worried at night for fear there's a woman under the bed."—Chicago Post.

A Grievous Offense.

Magistrate—The charge is interfering with an officer. Roundsman McCarty, you will please state exactly what the defendant did.

Roundsman McCarty—Oi wor passin his fruit stand, yer anner, an Oi swooped a banana, when th' dago troid t' tek it from me, yer anner."—Lestie's Weekly.

His Son Bill Could Tell.

"Have you any piscatorial diversion here?" asked the boarder from Boston.

"I kain't say rightly as we have," replied the farmer. "We ain't much on them newfangled games up here, but my son Bill kin show you where there's good fishin."—Philadelphia Record.

Sufficient.



(Third day after eloping.) "It's no use, we'll have to starve; my money is all out."

"Oh, that will be all right, Jack, dear. I have enough for a box of biscuits and a few candies."—New York Journal.

The Literary Merry Go Round.

Stubbs—Whenever I write a poem I hustle it off to an editor as soon as possible.

Skitts—Any special reason? Stubbs—Why, you simpleton, I want to get it back again as soon as possible. —Chicago Record-Herald.

No Difference.

Mrs. Peterby—My dressmaker's bill was twice as large this year as last.

Mrs. Poplin—I don't see how your husband can afford it.

"He can't. But then he couldn't last year."—New York Life.

FORGAVE THEIR DEBT. DEATH OF

ANDREW J. GALE

Rockefeller's Little Account Against Cleveland Church.

RUNNING ABOUT FIFTY YEARS.

Bill Magnate Attends Semiscentennial Celebration of Euclid Avenue Church and Tells of Its Early Struggles—His Part in Them—Memoranda of His Gifts When Working For \$16 a Month.

At the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland John D. Rockefeller, who has been a member of the church for nearly the full half century, made an after dinner speech upon the subject, "Our Pastors For the First Twenty-five Years—1851 to 1876," in which he reviewed the early struggles of the church and tells of his part in them. Mr. Rockefeller was himself then a struggling young man.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr. Rockefeller, "what a picture it would be for you to go back with us to that little lecture room around in Ohio street where we held our services fifty years ago. It was not quite as fine as this, but it was a dear place to us. Many of my dear friends at this table, with whom I have worked in this church for nearly fifty years, have often been in that sacred place."

"What a picture to go back to the lecture room in Ohio street fifty years ago! It was not as fine a place, it was not as fine a picture, as this. We had no carpets, no oil paintings, but the place was filled with precious memories. The first pastor was the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, a brilliant young preacher. He resigned to take charge of a rich church in Brooklyn. We were very feeble folk and could not afford to pay a large sum."

"Some of us young people, quite inexperienced in church matters, couldn't exactly understand why he should go to these rich people and leave us, but we were told it was a call from God."

"I joined the church then and have been a member ever since," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I cannot forget those days. I had canvassed Cleveland indifferently to obtain a position. I had completed my studies and was looking for something to do, but was unsuccessful. That was in 1855, a time of extreme depression in Cleveland. At the close of that day Deacon Sked, who was dying, called me to his house to give me his last message and after charging me with my responsibilities as a young Christian said to me very frankly and pointedly, 'John, I never did like you as well as your brother William.'"

"As good fortune would have it, I went down to the dock and made one more application and was told that if I would come in after dinner they would see if I could come to work for them. I went in after dinner and got the position and was permitted to remain in the city and the church."

"I was grateful to the man who gave me that work to do. If there ever was anything I was thankful for in the world, it was to have something to do, and I have been thankful for that ever since. I am profoundly grateful to have had something to do."

At this point in his speech Mr. Rockefeller produced an old memorandum book which he had kept as a ledger when he was a boy. He explained that his wages in his position were only \$16 a month, and he was compelled to board himself. He kept a careful record of what he gave at that time. Here are some of the entries he made:

Nov. 25, Missionary cause.....	\$0 10
Mr. Downey, one of our young ministers.....	—
Mite society.....	—
Pew rent.....	1 00
Dec. 16, Sabbath school.....	05
Present for the superintendent, Mr. Farrar.....	25
Five points Mission, New York.....	12
The Macedonian, a religious paper.....	10
Present to teacher, Deacon Sked.....	25
Jan. 16, Missionary cause.....	05
The poor in the church.....	10
Feb. 3, Missionary cause.....	10
Foreign missions.....	10
March 2, Foreign missions.....	10
March 3, Pew rent.....	1 00
March 6, Foreign missions.....	10
March 21, Y. M. C. A.....	1 00

"Pardon me for referring to these things," continued Mr. Rockefeller, "but I want the boys and girls in this church or in any church to remember that if they are ever going to give away money they must begin today and do what they can today, and we will be sure of them tomorrow. Pardon me for reading all this that seems so simple, and yet if the boys and girls will remember, when they have given anything, to put it down in the book they will know where their money went to and where it came from, and don't be ashamed to let people see your book."

"I have never mentioned a certain account which I have against this church. It seems too bad to call it up on this joyous occasion, but as it will be some time before we will have such another meeting as this and having already presented the question to my dear friends here, who have a right to say something about the affairs of this church—having been here near fifty years—I am going to make bold to speak of it, and you can pay it or not, as you think best."

"Now I will read the account: In 1855 I advanced to this church, as per page 74 of this ledger, postage and paper, 4 cents; this was cash. Again, in 1859, on the 28th day of January, for postage and paper, 3 cents. Again, on the 12th of March, in the same year, 1859, for paper, 12 cents. And then I see—and when I read this I hope your minds will be relieved and you will pardon me for taking so much of your time—I see, in red, the entry, 'Let it go.' Let it go, dear friends. It is all right. I forgive you the debt!"

Andrew J. Gale was born in Albany county, New York, March 4, 1829. He belonged to a large family of eight children, three of whom are now living. His father, Henry S. Gale, came to Michigan in the year 1829 and settled in Superior township, on part of the farm on which his son has lived the most of his life.

At the age of 21 Mr. Gale was married to Martha A. Haner, of Superior township, and lived for one year on his father's farm. Then for four years he lived on a farm that he had purchased in Fenton, Mich. From Fenton he returned to his father's farm, 60 acres of which he purchased, and here he spent the remainder of his life.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Gale was blessed with five children, three sons and two daughters. Three children are now living, Mrs. A. G. Clarke, of Chanute, Neosho county, Kansas, and Edward C. Gale and Justin A. Gale, of Superior township.

Mr. Gale had been for many years a sufferer from asthma, a severe attack of which, accompanied by pneumonia, caused his death on Oct. 22, in the seventy-third year of his age.

His funeral was held at his late residence and was largely attended by the people of the town and his many friends. The interment was in Highland cemetery. Pastor James A. Brown, of the First Baptist church of Ypsilanti officiated.

Mr. Gale was highly respected and honored by all who knew him. Kind hearted to neighbors and true to his friends his departure will be mourned by all. He was a great lover of the Sacred Scriptures. As the evening hours of life drew on he leaned more and more on the promises of God, and lifted up his voice in prayer to his father in heaven.

WEAK EYES PASSED A BOY PUPIL

Anna Parks, one of the girl students at the Normal, was detailed this fall to act as tutor to the 17-year-old son of J. Stanley Morton of Benton Harbor, secretary and treasurer of the Graham & Morton Transportation Co. Mr. Morton's application for a tutor has revealed a case of apparent negligence on the part of the teachers in the public schools at Benton Harbor.

Young Morton attended school regularly up to a year ago, and was in the eighth grade. He had passed from one grade to another in due season, and his father supposed he was getting along all right. He was shocked when he discovered that the boy's education had been neglected and that he was unable to read words of two and three syllables.

Mr. Morton started an investigation which revealed the fact that the lad's teachers had allowed him to pass from grade to grade with his class without doing any work for the reason that his eyes were weak and it was difficult for him to study.

Miss Parks reports that young Morton is a bright pupil and that he has been getting along famously since she took charge of him.

Widow with daughter aged 14 wants to do housework in small family. Address, Housekeeper, care of A. Filkins, Ypsilanti.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

Tickets to Northwest, West and Southwest; good 21 days, will be sold Nov. 5th, 19th, and Dec. 3d and 17th at a single fare for the round trip from Chicago, with reduced rates to Missouri river. Inquire of agent.

97 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

Wm. Stewart, a colored man who is wanted on the charge of complicity in the burglary of Wm. Towler's residence, Aug. 27, 1900, has been picked up in Ann Arbor and he is now in the jail.

The high school football team defeated Devlin college at Jackson Saturday by 29 to 0. The Ypsilanti boys played a very fast game, and their goal was positively in no danger in either half.

Dr. Pratt of Mason is in the city making arrangements for the removal of his household goods to the new home. The daughter, Miss Ruby Pratt, will remain in the city to complete her course at the Normal Conservatory.

The First Presbyterian church, Washburn street, corner Emmet, Robert K. Wharton, minister. Morning worship next Sunday at 10:30, with sermon. Evening worship at 7:30, with brief sermon. Young People's devotional service at 6:30 in the evening. Sabbath school 12 m. The people's service, Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

The Charm of It.

"I'm goin' to school now," said Willie.

"Oh, are you? Do you like it?"

"Yes."

"That's good. That's a sure sign that you'll learn fast. I suppose your teacher is a very pleasant lady, isn't she?"

"Now, I don't like her very well, but there's a boy in our class that can make his ears go up and down and wiggle the top of his head."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Subscribers who pay one dollar in advance to the Sentinel-Commercial will be given a map of Michigan and the world worth a dollar.



THROUGH A GLASS.

IVORY SOAP is a skin soap. On one square inch of your hand there are 2,800 pores. On the whole body you have 2,381,284 of these little cavities to look after. Every one of these openings must be kept clear, or the impurities of the body can not pass out. Now, to cleanse the pores, you need a fine, pure soap. Scientists who speak not from opinion, but from scientific analyses, urge the use of Ivory Soap. 99 44/100 per cent. pu e.

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MILAN.

Prof. Sooy spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. George Minto spent Saturday in Detroit.

The Epworth league supper at the I. O. O. F. hall Friday night was a success.

Miss Ida Burroughs, of Saline, and Mr. Oscar Steffy, of Ypsilanti, were married at the residence of Mrs. McKinnon, Oct. 23. Rev. J. A. Brown, pastor of the Ypsilanti Baptist church, officiating.

Mrs. A. Wisdom is on the sick list.

Mrs. W. C. Reeves, who was badly burned with gasoline last Monday is doing well.

Mesdames H. Shi, M. Shi, Hoyt and Mrs. G. R. Williams drove to Saline Friday.

Dr. Mary Williams and son and Mrs. Newcomb have returned from their Newport sojourn.

Attorney and Mrs. Wm. Murray are spending the week with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray of County street.

The gospel meetings commenced Sunday evening with much interest manifested, under the earnest preaching of Evangelist Rev. P. E. Nichols of Canada. The Presbyterian church was filled to overflowing, many having to return home without being able to get in the church. These meetings will continue for three weeks, one week at the Presbyterian church, one at the Baptist and one at the M. E. church. These services are all union services and at each meeting the pastors of the different churches assist in the services.

YPSILANTI TOWN.

Mrs. Freeman who has been having a relapse, is now much better.

Mrs. Rachel Tuttle on Monday purchased a Haller piano of the Ann Arbor Music company.

The Tuttle school, which has been closed while the teacher, Miss Haak went to the Pan-American, is now opened.

The Ladies' Helping Hand society will give a New England supper at the hall in Rawsonville, Friday evening, Nov. 1, let every old friend of the society come and bring their friends and 10 cents each.

Chas. Voorhees took a trip to Salem Saturday night and spent the Sabbath with some old friends, the Walker brothers.

There was a very pleasant surprise party at Mr. Alban's, on the gravel, Tuesday evening.

The congregation in the little church at Rawsonville is gradually increasing under the pastorate of Rev. Stanley Shaw. We hope to see the empty pews grow less.

Miss Minnie Fell made farewell calls on old friends the first of the week, and Tuesday left for Brookville, Penn., her new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Voorhees, of Detroit, visited at Ypsilanti and vicinity over Sunday.

Quite a few from this vicinity attended the Sunday school convention at Belleville Sunday and felt well paid. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crittenden and Mrs. Chas. Voorhees attended the funeral of Jackson Gale in Superior last Friday.

DESIRING ADDITIONAL HELP

for the season of 1901-2, which is now on, we can give employment to 100 girls from 19 to 35 years of age. Work is making ladies' muslin underwear with power machines. For full particulars write to

STANDARD MFG. CO., Jackson, Mich.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

REDNER DISTRICT.

Born, Oct. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Freeman, a son.

Frank Reeves has finished his summer's work for George Davis and has returned home to attend the high school at Carleton.

Earl Roberts, of Detroit, is spending a few days on the Maple Grove farm. Mr. and Mrs. Preston, of Ypsilanti, buried their baby Monday in the Stony Creek cemetery.

Miss Paine gave a party to a few of her friends last Friday night.

Mrs. Alfred Davis and son, of Dexter, are spending a few days with friends at this place.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."

L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.